

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher; the Text formed from a new collation of the early editions; with Notes and a Biographical Memoir. By the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. 11 vols. 8vo. London: 1843-1846.

Of the beautiful though faulty works which compose these volumes, a considerable number were the fruit of one of those singular literary partnerships, which, hardly known in any department of poetical art except the drama, have repeatedly been formed by dramatic poets both in our own country and elsewhere. The old English drama abounds with examples. None of these alliances, however, was so steadfast, none so successful, none so evidently prompted by "consimilarity of genius," as that which has, by a consent almost universal, elevated the inseparable names of the two friends, Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, to a place in our dramatic literature second only to that of the one unapproachable master of the art.

In regard to the personal history of the two poets, all that is known scarcely suffices to do more than excite a vain curiosity. But few facts have been collected which have any interest in themselves, or any value as the groundwork of critical speculation. The principal of these relate to the family history of both.

Among the western hills of Leicestershire, there has lately been erected a monastery, which, inhabited by thirty or forty Cistercian monks, carries back our thoughts from the busy world of manufactures by which it is surrounded, to the antiquities and the poetry of the middle ages. Similar reflections are prompted by another scene, situated about a mile from this modern abbey of Saint Bernard. In the midst of a little valley, on a meadow beside a dashing brook, is to be seen at the present day a group of ivy-mantled ruins. There, in the thirteenth century, a pious lady founded an Augustinian nunnery, in honor of Saint Mary and the blessed Trinity. Confiscated on the suppression of the religious houses at the Reformation, the priory of Gracedieu and its demesne were acquired by John Beaumont, a lawyer of old family. He afterwards became master of the rolls; but was soon charged with corruption, disgraced, and deprived of his estates. His widow recovered from the wreck of his fortunes the manor of which he had dispossessed the nuns of Lady Roesia de Verdun. Her son Francis, distinguishing himself in his father's profession, was appointed one of the justices of the Common Pleas, and received knighthood from the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He is spoken of as a "grave, learned, and reverend judge." He married a lady of the family of Pierrepont in Nottinghamshire; from which long afterwards came the sprightly Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Of Judge Beaumont's three sons, the eldest died young. John, the second, inherited the estates, and obtained a baronetcy. Sir John Beaumont was a man of reflection, taste, and feeling. In right of his "Bosworth Field," and other poems, he is remembered among our minor poets, and among the earliest improvers of English heroic verse. The

third son, Francis Beaumont, was born at Gracedieu, probably in the year 1585. The family of Gracedieu did not comprise the only men of genius of the name. Among their kinsmen the Beaumonts of Coleorton, we find, in the seventeenth century, Dr. Joseph Beaumont, a poet from whom Pope did not disdain to borrow wisely; and, in our own time, this branch of the ancient stock has been represented by one of the most accomplished gentlemen of any age—the late Sir George Beaumont, himself a pleasing artist, and the generous friend of artists and of poets.

The birth-place of Francis Beaumont was a fit nursery for the boyhood of a poet. The spot itself is still beautiful: the region in which it lies was then sylvan and romantic. Charnwood forest, on the edge of which Gracedieu stands, was in the sixteenth century a thickly wooded chase. Drayton indeed, not long afterwards, lamented that the high-palmed harts were fled, and the dryads dead with the oaks they had inhabited. Even for him, however, the scene was the ideal of a forest; and about the very time when his "Poly-obion" was composed, Bishop Corbet and his fellow-travellers lost their way among its rocky glades. Wordsworth, the intimate friend of the late Sir George Beaumont, has since revived its poetical renown in an inscription reminding us, that—

"There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child;
There, under shadow of the neighboring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined stage."

But the earliest breathings of nature upon the poetic heart do not generally awaken a sound which is their own echo. The young poet is for a time a mocking-bird. Beaumont's earliest known work, published when he was certainly less than seventeen years of age, was the "Salmacis and Hermaphroditus," a poem of nine hundred heroic lines. In this boyish piece, the voluptuous sketch of the metamorphoses is worked up into a minutely touched and over-colored picture. The fancy which it unquestionably exhibits is expended on mythological inventions, ingenious like those of their prototype, and even more artificial. There emerges in it little, if anything, of original observation of external nature. But the scenes, amid which his early youth was past, were secretly nourishing the sympathies which afterwards flowed out with imaginative fullness upon the world of human action and passion; nor did those scenes pass away without leaving images which were afterwards enlarged and colored into richer landscapes in unfading verse.

The "Salmacis," and an equally free imitation of the "Remedy of Love," are our chief or only means of estimating the influence exerted on his mind by his academical education. He became a gentleman commoner of Broadgates Hall in Oxford, when he was about twelve years old; but he seems to have resided there only a short time; and he was certainly too young to have received from it

any deep impression, in the classical studies of the place, in the more home-sprung learning of Camden who had lived within the same walls a generation before, or in the puritanism and patriotism of Pym, who was his college contemporary. The Inner Temple, where he entered while still a boy, introduced him to new companionships of a nature more congenial to his own; and we now approach the sphere in which his brief existence was destined to be spent.

Meanwhile the friend whose name has become identified with his, was entering upon life under circumstances far less favorable. Richard Fletcher, the son of a vicar in Kent, had distinguished himself at Cambridge, and been master of Bene't college. He was also minister of Rye, where, in December, 1579, was born his third son, John Fletcher the poet. John Fletcher was a child of seven years, when his father, now Dean of Peterborough, laid the foundation of his future fortunes by insulting the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, upon the scaffold. His zealous services upon this occasion, his courtly manners, his handsome person, and his intimacy with Burleigh, concurred in recommending him to the maiden queen. Subject to certain simoniacal suspicions, he soon became Bishop of Bristol. Elizabeth, delighting in the good looks of her comely bishop, had found fault with him for cutting his beard too short: "whereas, good lady," wrote Harington, "although she knew it not, that which he had cut too short was his bishopric, not his beard." He was made, successively, High Almoner, Bishop of Worcester, and, in 1595, Bishop of London. A widower at the time of this last promotion, he immediately married the very recent widow of a Kentish knight. The queen's distaste of the marriage of clergymen was aggravated in this instance by the doubtful reputation of the lady. The bishop was accordingly suspended from his functions by the primate, and forbidden by the queen to appear at court. A partial restoration to the royal favor came too late to heal the wound which public disgrace had inflicted upon a proud and worldly heart. On a June evening in 1596, as he sat smoking in his chair, Bishop Fletcher suddenly fell back and expired.

He left eight children in beggary; and his property was seized by the exchequer, in satisfaction of official debts to the crown. Intercession was made for the orphans by his brother Dr. Giles Fletcher, an eminent civilian, diplomatist, and scholar, and father of the two poets Giles and Phineas. The family had a still more powerful advocate in the chivalrous Essex, prompted by Anthony Bacon, brother of the great chancellor. But there is no reason to believe that the government relented.

John Fletcher had at twelve years of age been admitted a pensioner of his father's college at Cambridge; where, two years later, he is said by his last biographer to have been made one of the Bible clerks—an assertion which not improbably involves some mistake; Bible clerk being an Oxford, not a Cambridge title. Of his university studies nothing further is known. At his father's death he was only in his seventeenth year; and it can hardly be doubted that this event cast him loose upon the world.

We are left in the dark, however, concerning him. We know nothing of his employments for some years afterwards; nor how and when he first became connected with Beaumont. The oldest date at which their names occur together is 1607,

when each of them contributed a copy of commendatory verses to the "Fox" of Ben Jonson. To the same year, or 1606, is also assigned Fletcher's first appearance as a writer—the first at least of which we have any trace—in the indifferent comedy of the "Woman-hater." In the case of Fletcher, therefore, as of Shakspeare, several years of early life are unaccounted for. But, since London had been the principal home of his boyhood in his father's lifetime, there can be little doubt of its being the place where we ought to look for him, when thrown so suddenly, by his father's death, on his own resources. This was the age when the theatres were no less a house of refuge than a temple of fame for youthful poets; and, looking at Fletcher's future history, we can scarcely be mistaken in supposing, that he at once betook himself to writing for the theatres to earn his bread. Without patrimony or profession, he would be driven by want to try to the utmost the fatal facility of his powers. This necessity, we fear, continued to the last. The rapidity with which his plays appeared after the death of his friend, affords strong presumptive evidence of his having been spurred on by motives more pressing than the desire of fame. Proof to the same effect, proof of hurry in composition, is afforded by the imperfections which deform so many of his plays, especially the later ones. "Several of his scenes," says one of his critics, "nay, whole acts, must have been written with either an ill-filled stomach, or an ill-filled head."

Beaumont was differently situated. There is no reason for supposing that he was ever poor. Some fortune, more or less, came to him from his eldest brother. He married into a good family; and, as has justly been remarked, he had another security against indigence, in the affection of his surviving brother. Indeed, there is no reason for questioning that Beaumont had independent means, except an imperfectly vouched account of the history of one of his daughters.

The circumstances of Beaumont, however, are chiefly important as entitling us the more readily to believe, that the literary alliance between him and his less wealthy friend was not one of those joint adventures, so common in that time, which were ordered by the play-house managers, and executed for daily bread by starving play-wrights. We read, in the diary of Philip Henslowe and elsewhere, of plays which were produced by the combined labor of two, three, four, and even five poets. In many such cases, the undertaking was plainly a match against time. A temporary theme had been caught up before its popularity should vanish; or a new piece had to be hurriedly put together, in order to neutralize the attraction of some similar novelty at a rival play-house. The task, which could not within a given period be performed by one head, might easily be performed by two or more. To miserable demands like these, most of the dramatists of that age (almost all of them needy men, and some of them players as well as poets) lived in continual slavery. It is far from being improbable that to such emergencies we owe the association of Fletcher's name, in works still extant, with those of Jonson, Middleton, William Rowley, and others. His coöperation with Massinger, Field, and Daborne, in the writing of a play which cannot now be identified, is shown by the sad letter of those three men to Henslowe, the date of which, though not exactly ascertainable, must have preceded Beaumont's death. Indeed, if we are to credit

assertions made not long after the facts occurred, poor Massinger was Fletcher's coadjutor, even in several of the dramas now before us; but at the same time Massinger's manner is too unlike Fletcher's to make it probable that they could have worked together, and that internal evidence should not betray the fact.

We have, in short, good reason for believing, that by far the greater number of Fletcher's works were written either by himself alone, or in conjunction with that one associate who, so far as we know, cooperated with none but him. His other combinations were casual and temporary; this was systematic and long continued. A union so singular, and so difficult to maintain, can only have arisen out of strong personal attachment, and from the consciousness that their genius also was akin. In truth the wonderful resemblance, both in thought and in expression, which prevails throughout their works, is not the least curious riddle which the study of them presents.

Beaumont's choice of Fletcher must have been entirely free; nor is there any ground for conjecturing otherwise respecting Fletcher's choice of Beaumont. Their positions, however, must have been different when they first met. In 1607, Beaumont could not be much more than in his twenty-second year; while Fletcher was already in his twenty-eighth. It is allowable to figure Fletcher, the orphan son of a bankrupt prelate, as having been engaged for several years in struggling against difficulties not unlike those that probably impeded the early path of Shakespeare. We may regard him as already in some measure a practised dramatic artist; we may believe him to have owed to the severe training through which he had been compelled to pass, no mean portion of that readiness, both in composition and in speech, for which he was extolled by his most intelligent contemporaries. Beaumont, on the other hand, born under a happier star, presents himself to our imagination as a votary of art, who practises it because he loves it, and who, younger and less experienced than his friend, but more reflective and more precocious, might bring into contribution, from the earliest period of their union, the very faculties in which his comrade would have been found wanting, if he had continued to work alone. But we must not go on guessing.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century the poets of England were almost all dramatists. The fifteen or twenty years preceding had witnessed the rise of the English drama to a height which could not be surpassed; but further efforts continued to be made, and new aspirants crowded into the ranks. In those days, it must be remembered, the writing of a play for the closet was never dreamt of; at least by none except the eccentric Earl of Stirling. Every dramatic poet wrote for the stage; each play being usually put at the disposal of the theatres, the printing of it was necessarily delayed in order to preserve the monopoly of it to the players; and, in very many instances, the printing was postponed till the work was irretrievably lost. The poets were thus brought into close relation with the actors; several of them, such as Jonson, Massinger, and Field, were actors themselves; and, although it is clearly a mistake to suppose that Fletcher ever trode the stage, yet the character and position of the theatrical companies, and the estimation in which theatrical amusements were held, must have been points of infinite importance to him and his friend.

The stage, which had been despised even by literary men when Shakspeare was a youth, was now the favorite both of the aristocracy and of the people. In consequence of the favor shown to it, its exhibitions were invested with a pomp, which, rude doubtless, according to modern notions, yet far exceeded what we should expect, or can indeed easily believe. Neither in the buildings, nor in the scenery, did there exist the vastness and splendor which are among the prodigies of more recent times; becoming more and more gorgeous, as the literary glory of our representations has declined. But the researches of dramatic antiquaries have lately shown, that on the wardrobe of the leading theatrical companies there was then lavished an expense which is startling even to modern ears, and which could not have been incurred, had not a theatre been a more profitable investment than it appears to be at present. There were then, as now, many actors who were needy and despised, on account either of want of prudence or want of talent. But, notwithstanding the frowns of the more austere, and the rising remonstrances of a party who began to look on the stage with political jealousy as well as with religious scruples, persons professionally connected with the theatre occupied or had it in their power to acquire, a creditable position in society. There were actors both respectable and respected; and, as it has been recently shown, there were some, even of secondary note, who lived wisely and died wealthy.

Above all, there were two men, actors and proprietors of theatres, who had vindicated for themselves a place considerably above their station, and whose conduct and success had done as much as has since been done by the family of Kemble, to elevate and support the character of their calling. The one had no claim to literary distinction; but he was the first tragic actor of the day; and about the time when our two poets appeared, he had gained a great part of the large fortune, which, being a childless man, he afterwards devoted to public charity. This was Edward Alleyn, the founder of the college of "God's Gift" at Dulwich. The name of the other of the two players was higher still. Professionally regarded, they were, as we should now phrase it, rival managers; but both were prudent, both were kindly, and there are gratifying proofs of an interchange of good offices between them. One little anecdote, recovered but lately, belongs almost to the very year in which Beaumont became known as a dramatist. Alleyn being absent in the country on a strolling excursion, at a time when the theatres in London were shut by reason of the plague, his wife receives in town a visit from "a pretty youth, and handsome in apparel," who assumes an aristocratic name, asks for a loan of ten pounds, and asserts that he is known both to Mr. Alleyn and to the other great theatrical manager. Mrs. Alleyn, who, as the step-daughter of old Philip Henslowe, had learned economy and caution, declines to comply with the demand till the reference shall have been verified; and the brother manager, on being appealed to, declares that he knew the applicant only by having heard that he was a rogue, and is glad the money had not been given! The impostor does not again show himself; and Joan Alleyn, in her next letter to her husband, exultingly tells him the story. Her friendly adviser was a person of whom we are accustomed to think as discharging higher duties to humanity than detecting swindlers. She describes him as "Mr. Shakspeare of the Globe." Not long afterwards Shak-

spare retired to his native town, to enjoy, during the too short evening of his days, the fortune which enabled him to leave his children in a station more worthy of their ancient lineage than of that calling, from which believers in his sonnets must grieve to think that he sometimes bitterly revolted. To his profession and to his worldly prudence he owed his wealth; if he had been merely a great genius, and not also a man of business, (gifts since again united in the person of Sir Walter Scott,) he might have pined like Jonson, or starved like Massinger. We can scarcely over-estimate the facilities, which his easy circumstances, in the latter half of his life, must have afforded him for the composition and elaboration of his greatest works. But, in order duly to estimate what we owe him, we must also recollect that his genius was now and afterwards the animating principle of the drama, and of the stage; and that had he not written "Hamlet," and "Lear," and his historical plays, the English theatre might have continued to be a mere school of popular buffoonery, imitation, and bombast.

About the year 1607, the old English drama may be said to have been in the last month of its brief but resplendent summer. Those gorgeous plants which sprung up in natural luxuriance, under the influence of the warm sun and the free air, were still, day by day, bursting into flower. Their time, however, was all but over; the field was beginning to be covered, more and more thickly, by the autumnal growth which is the fruit of artificial cultivation; and noxious weeds, though as yet hardly visible, were already rooted in the soil. The first ten years of the seventeenth century compose the great concluding period of Shakspeare's literary life; the period which comprehends the most thoughtful and solemn of his works. Ben Jonson, too, was then in the zenith of his activity and fame; but about to fall into his sad decline. "The Silent Woman," and "The Alchemist," were his only great works subsequent to the appearance of Beaumont and Fletcher. Side by side with Shakspeare and Jonson, stood a couple of veterans, the epic and eloquent Chapman, and Heywood, the "prose Shakspeare," still cheerful and indefatigable; while Webster, Middleton, Dekker, Marston, and others, had already occupied the ground which they must thenceforth share with formidable competitors—with our two poets, with Massinger, and with Ford. Drayton and Daniel, too, whose fame now rests on poetry of other kinds, were enrolled among the dramatists of their time.

Working with a fervor, and warmed by a literary ambition, seldom if ever paralleled, this swarm of poets constituted likewise a society of friends, whose intercourse, broken at times by individual quarrels, was usually free, cordial, and happy. Then occurred those "wit combats," the fame of which descended traditionally to the age of Fuller; then were held, day after day, those merry meetings at the Mermaid, which Beaumont, writing from the country, regretted, amidst the beauty of the summer—that intercommuning of buoyant natures, which, delightful at the time, returned afterwards on wings of fire and raised the clear spirit to the energy that created immortal works. There were different dramatic schools; a point which it is not possible at present to elucidate: but another fact, more easily explained, was this; that the chief dramatists were usually connected with one or another of the leading theatres, and not with all. There were two principal theatres; at the head of one of which stood Henslowe, and afterwards Alleyn; while Shak-

spare was one of the most considerable proprietors of the other. To the latter of the two, the theatrical establishment of the Globe and Blackfriars, Beaumont and Fletcher appear to have been attached from an early period of their career, though not from the very first; and this circumstance would serve to bring them into communion with Ben Jonson. Jonson set too high a value on his praise to be over lavish of it. While one of his poems bears frank and cordial testimony to his affection for Beaumont, and his admiration of the young poet's genius, he hints only in his confidential talk with Drummond, that the young man set rather too high an estimate on his powers. In the same conversations he declared his love for Fletcher without any qualification—a rare thing with one whose temper, naturally moody, was irritated by misfortune and supposed neglect. Fletcher's genius for the more poetical kinds of dramatic writing, extorted from the gruff father of the rising generation (as he loved to be regarded) the highest praise, when he admitted, "that, next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque." Upon Fletcher's pastoral, the most ideal of all his compositions, being condemned by the crowd, he signified his hearty approbation of it, and prophesied for it the immortality which it enjoys.

Reckoned from 1607, the union of our two poets endured for nine or ten years.

The prosaic yet credulous Aubrey, the same "picker-up of unconsidered trifles," who made a butcher's boy of Shakspeare, describes the familiarity of their intercourse as the closest possible. He speaks of them as having lived in the same house, and as having had a community of goods so wide, as to embrace even the most objectionable feature of Plato's commonwealth. If at any time the two did "live together on the bank-side, not far from the play-house," they must have ceased to do so in 1613; for in that year Beaumont married, his wife being a lady of an old family, the daughter and coheir of Henry Isley of Sundridge in Kent. It does not appear that Fletcher was ever married. There is proof, in Beaumont's poetical "Letter to Ben Jonson," of at least one visit which they afterwards paid together to the country, and in the course of which two of their comedies were partly written. One would gladly believe Mr. Dyce to be right in conjecturing that Gracedieu may have been the place of their retirement. It would be agreeable to imagine that the fancy of the town-bred Fletcher was inspired, by wandering among the solitudes of Charnwood, and beneath the monastic cloisters of his friend's paternal home, with the images of seclusion which adorn his exquisite ode to Melancholy, printed for the first time in the very play to which Beaumont's letter is prefixed.

"Moonlight walks, where all the fowls
Are warily housed, save bats and owls;
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!"

They had not labored together above three or four years, before the fame of the two friends was firmly established. "Philaster" and "The Maid's Tragedy" are known to have been among the earliest of their joint works. A little later Fletcher wrote "The Faithful Shepherdess;" after which they brought out, in partnership, the "King and No King," and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." Supposing the works to be ranked merely according to their merit as stage-pieces, these may be held to be equalled, or surpassed, by some

of the other plays; but the true place of the authors in our file of poets would remain unaltered, if, retaining the five dramas just enumerated, we were to lose everything else which they ever wrote. In none of the series is the poetic vision so fine; in none, perhaps, is the dramatic vitality so intense. The two earliest of the group are the most characteristic of them all, both for good and evil.

"Philaster, or Love lies a-bleeding," is more valuable as a poem than as a drama; and more valuable, too, for the beauty of particular passages than for its effect as a whole. It is a romantic love-play, founded on a loose and feeble plot. A young and high-minded prince, dispossessed of his royal inheritance, (we hardly know how,) stalks, like a sorrowful ghost, through the halls that should have been his own. Between him and the usurper's daughter there has sprung up a mutual and acknowledged affection; but two obstacles are in the way. The princess is betrothed by her father to a foreign suitor; and her lover becomes suspicious of her fidelity. Both impediments are removed. The lady's honor is vindicated; the unworthiness of the bridegroom, with whom she had been threatened, is exposed; and her father, in a sudden access of kindness and justice, bestows on the prince his mistress and the kingdom. Upon this tottering and ill-jointed trellis-work are hung garlands of the most delicate fancy, and of the sweetest and most tender feeling. The melancholy musings of Prince Philaster, and his fitful gusts of jealousy and despair; the self-conscious purity of Arethusa, and her unshaken devotion to one whose weakness had exposed her to insult and danger; the silent, innocent, and unselfish love of the disguised Euphrasia; are set forth in scenes which, though exhibiting little skill or strength in the portraiture of character, abound in touches of rich imagery and true emotion. Few passages in English poetry are more finely conceived or expressed than some of those that occur among the adventures in the forest. Still sweeter is the description, by Philaster, of his finding Euphrasia by the fountain; and the whole idea of the character thus introduced, raises the work into a region of imagination which it would not otherwise have reached. Yet, pure and lofty as are most of the thoughts and feelings of this piece, the imaginative heaven of our poets was not free from clouds, even in this the morning of their day. The taint of moral evil has already come too near; the foul shape of Megra flits everywhere before our eyes; and all that surrounds her is infected by her presence.

In the second of their great works, the young dramatists plunged headlong into that realm of sin, around whose frontier they had skimmed so often in "Philaster." The incidents of "The Maid's Tragedy" are profoundly revolting; they are possible only in a state of society utterly abandoned; and, unless on Madame de Staël's theory of the connection between an immoral stage and a moral people, they must have been intolerable in representation to any audience but one whose standard of purity was miserably low. Yet it has been attempted, in our day, to revive this play. It was brought on the stage of the Haymarket ten years ago, with alterations by Macready and Sheridan Knowles. Nor were these practised judges of stage requirements wrong in their estimate of its dramatic merits. The bloody tale which it tells contains genuine tragic elements; although, even in a description like the present, and far more in an actual representation, the decencies of the nineteenth century

command a veil to be cast over some of the particulars, to the filling up of which the outline owes so much of its harrowing power.

Aminor, a young nobleman of Rhodes, is tempted by the king to abandon Aspatia, to whom he had been betrothed, and to marry Evadne, a beautiful lady of the court. In the very bride-chamber, the bride acquaints her husband with the nature of the interest which the king has taken in her marriage. She is the royal mistress. Her brother, extorting the secret from Aminor, brings his sister to confession and to a fierce kind of penitence. Evadne murders her seducer; the broken-hearted Aspatia, assuming a male disguise, provokes her faithless lover to slay her; Evadne and Aminor both perish by suicide.

This is a story of guilt, and dishonor, and treachery; but it is not one in which crime is lightly regarded or allowed to triumph. The dishonor is passionately felt; the treacherous guilt is fearfully avenged. In the treatment of the theme (as, alas! in every one of the works before us) there are introduced passages of reprehensible levity and coarseness; but the ruling tone of feeling is one which is morally not inconsonant with the events represented. Regarded as a whole, "The Maid's Tragedy" is, in our judgment, its author's masterpiece. Over all its horrors there is thrown a veil of poetic imagery, which invests most closely the figure of the forlorn Aspatia, but streams out almost on every character and every scene. The feeling, too, is deep and varied; plaintive sorrow finds a voice most readily, while strong expression is also given to anger, and hatred, and despair. These are features of detail; but there is a dramatic and poetical excellence, of a rarer and loftier kind, in the harmony with which (a few jarring notes excepted) the unity of tragic emotion is maintained throughout. It does not present to us merely two or three situations powerfully designed and colored; it leads us on from one scene of passion to another, each rising beyond the scenes which had preceded it, and one and all converging towards the dreadful catastrophe in which everything is swallowed up, and "darkness is the burier of the dead."

"A King and No King" was, in the time of its authors, and long afterwards, one of the most popular of acted plays. A revival of it was projected by Garrick, who perceived the opportunities for display afforded to him by the character of Arbaces. The design, however, was given up, and it failed when carried into execution by Harris. Indeed, the moral tone of the work could not have been endured by any audience living after the seventeenth century. The story relates the progress of a passion, which those who entertained it believed to be incestuous, and which is eventually rewarded by the discovery that they are not relations. The literary merits of the play have been estimated very diversely. Some critics, and no mean ones, have ranked it much above "The Maid's Tragedy." Mr. Dyce's judgment on it is more moderate and just.

The three plays we have just spoken of present the most noted instances, though by no means the only ones, in which Beaumont and Fletcher have been taxed with directly borrowing from Shakespeare. Bessus is said to have been copied from Falstaff; the character and position of Philaster from Hamlet; the melancholy songs of Aspatia, and Evadne's confession to her brother, from Ophelia; while the scene between Melantius and Amin-

tor is supposed to be an imitation of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. But instances of this kind, however evidently suggested by the great original, faintly intimate the degree to which the works of Shakspeare dwelt upon the minds of his contemporaries. We learn as little from their jesting allusions, the turns of expression, and the bits of parody upon Shakspeare which are often introduced good-humoredly by our two poets, and sometimes by Jonson with spleen and sourness. His influence on the dramas of his time, and on all its walks of poetry, was much wider than this.

Imaginative inventors, of all ranks below the very highest, are like planetary satellites, which revolve indeed each on its own axis, but are all carried round in the orbit of their common centre; nay, to push the comparison a step further, Jupiter himself, as well as his moons, gravitates in dependence on the sun. Through the concurrence of the two impulses, the special and the common, it is natural and inevitable, that the appearance of every great work or group of works, in literature or art, should not only produce particular and designed imitation, but should throw over all productions of the same class a hue which otherwise they would not have possessed. Thus did thoughts, and feelings, and images innumerable, sown by Shakspeare beside the highway on which he travelled, spring up there into stately plants, and shed their seeds over every field that lay in the neighborhood. Even the spirit of the great poet did in some degree rest upon his contemporaries, when his wide mantle fell and covered them all—his divinest moods of emotion, his most dazzling trances of imagination, his profoundest intuitions of character, his marvellous reaches of thought, sounding all the depths of human nature;—these were indeed inspirations not vouchsafed to any but himself, and apprehended but imperfectly even by the most exquisitely endowed of those to whom the poetic seer communicated his visions. But there was much that could be both comprehended and transfused; much that did pass from the most comprehensive of all created minds to the finest of the intelligences which surrounded and followed him. The magnetic rapport between his genius and that of his fellow-dramatists, could not, it is true, qualify any of them, even in their most intense phases of poetical rapture, to imagine characters, or mental histories, like those of Hamlet, of Othello and Iago, of Lear, or of Macbeth: but the relation was close enough to enable several of them to conceive forms and incidents, feelings and thoughts, not so very dissimilar to those of "Romeo and Juliet," of "As You Like It," of "Much Ado about Nothing." That Samuel Johnson should prefer Shakspeare's comedies to his tragedies does not surprise us. But that Milton should have gone to see a comedy of Shakspeare's when he was merry, and have been obliged to fall back upon Greek plays about "Pelops' line" when he was sad—not finding in Shakspeare enough of pity and of terror—and that Thomas Warton should have thought he showed good taste in doing so, is more than we can understand.

Now, of all his contemporaries, in respect both of matter and of expression, Beaumont and Fletcher approached the nearest to him. They exhibited characteristics more akin to Shakspeare than can be discovered in any other. The language, doubtless, is far inferior, especially in vigor, precision, and comprehension; so, too, the thought, the feeling, and the imagery; still, there is in all a strong resemblance. We could never, it is true, peruse a whole

play, nay, not a whole scene, nor perhaps so much as two consecutive speeches, in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, without being forcibly reminded, usually by a discord or a faintness of sound, that we are not listening to the enchanting music of the mighty master. But there are to be found, scattered thickly throughout their dramas, short passages, chiefly of external description, or of tender feeling, which strike in us on the same chords of thought and sentiment that are still vibrating under the hand of the greater poet. This similarity of character would be evident at once to any reader, who, being familiar with Shakspeare, should become acquainted with Beaumont and Fletcher for the first time through a selection of their most imaginative, most pathetic, or most sprightly passages. The same experiment performed on any other dramatists of the time, would leave a very different impression.

The secret may be told in one word. Whatever may be their just place as dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher were better poets than any of their dramatic contemporaries, except Shakspeare himself. They mounted higher on the wings of ideal contemplation. None can be compared to them for exuberance and grace of fancy, none for their delicacy and tenderness of feeling in passages of emotion. Their superiority in the region of pure poetry is shown significantly by the fact, that many of the lyrics introduced into their dramas are of incomparable beauty; unapproached, not only by such indifferent commonplaces as the songs of Massinger's plays, but even by the gems which sparkle in the masques of Ben Jonson. The poetic spirit breathes not less warmly over innumerable passages of the dialogues, lulling us so delightfully in dreams of fantasy, that we forget for the time their faults. We forget that, as works of art, their dramas are immeasurably inferior to those of Jonson, the most skilful artist of our old dramatic school; that they are far behind him in the admirable structure of his plots, as in his boldly conceived and vigorously executed portraiture of character. We forget that they want alike the pomp and the thoughtfulness of Massinger; that they strive in vain after the tragic intensity of Webster; that they compensate but ill, by strained and extravagant situations, for the natural delineation of life and manners which was often attained by Heywood. We forget that there is hardly one of their works which must not, if regarded as a whole, be pronounced positively bad. We forget that, though they often thought finely, they were incapable of thinking either comprehensively or profoundly; that, though they felt deeply, their genuine passion was evanescent, and was succeeded by counterfeited hysterics; that, though they imagined poetically, and often dramatically, they lacked the power to work out their images into living groups, or into real and consistent scenes. All this, and much else, we forget or disregard, because of the fact, that these two fine spirits soared higher than any of the others into the poetical atmosphere of the visionary world; that these two eloquent tongues have told us, beyond what any of the others could have found utterance for, what shapes had visited them in their dreams. All being disregarded, or assumed, which can justly be asserted in depreciation of the dramatic rank of our poets, there remains the undoubted truth, that their works contain many passages poetically superior, with the one great exception, to all that is to be found elsewhere among the treasury of our old English drama; and that we could cull from them,

through a long course of extracts, poetry as beautiful and touching as any in our language.

In measuring the height of Beaumont and Fletcher, we cannot take a better scale than to put them alongside Shakspeare, and compare them with him. In this manner, an imaginary supposition may assist us in determining the nature of their excellence, and almost enable us to fix its degree. Suppose there were to be discovered, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, or in that of the Duke of Devonshire, two dramas not known before, and of doubtful authorship, the one being "Hamlet," and the other "the Winter's Tale." We should be at no loss, we think, to assign the former to Shakspeare: the judgment would be warranted alike by the consideration of the whole, and by a scrutiny of particular parts. But with regard to the other play, hesitation would not be at all unreasonable. Beaumont and Fletcher (as an eminent living critic has remarked to us) might be believed to have written all its serious parts, more especially the scenes of the jealousy of Leontes, and those beautiful ones which describe the rustic festival. Strange to say, a case of this kind has actually arisen; and the uncertainty which still hangs over it agrees entirely with the hesitation which we have ventured to imagine as arising in the case we have supposed.

In 1634, eighteen years after Beaumont's death, and nine after Fletcher's, there was printed, for the first time, the play called "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The bookseller in his title-page declared it to have been "written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare, gentlemen." On the faith of this assertion, and on the evidence afforded by the character of the work, it has been assumed universally that Fletcher had a share in the authorship. Shakspeare's part in it has been denied; though there is, perhaps, a preponderance of authority for the affirmative. Those who maintain the joint authorship commonly suppose the two poets to have written together; but Mr. Dyce questions this, and gives us an ingenious theory of his own, which assumes Fletcher to have taken up and altered the work long after Shakspeare's labor on it had been closed.

The question of Shakspeare's share in this play is really insoluble. On the one hand, there are reasons making it very difficult to believe that he can have had any concern in it; particularly the heavy and undramatic construction of the piece, and the want of individuality in the characters. Besides, we encounter in it direct and palpable imitations of Shakspeare himself; among which the most prominent is the wretchedly drawn character of the jailer's daughter. On the other hand, there are, in many passages, resemblances of expression (in the very particulars in which our two poets are most unlike Shakspeare) so close, that we must either admit Shakspeare's authorship of these parts, or suppose Fletcher or some one else to have imitated him designedly, and with very marvellous success. Among these passages, too, there are not a few which display a brilliancy of imagination, and a grasp of thought, much beyond Fletcher's ordinary pitch. Readers who lean to Mr. Dyce's theory, will desire to learn his grounds for believing that Fletcher's labor on the play was performed in the latter part of his life. It appears to us that the piece bears a close likeness to those more elevated works which are known to have been among the earliest of our series; and, if it were not an unbrotherly act to throw a new bone of contention

among the critics, we would admit that there is no evidence entitling us peremptorily to assert that Fletcher was concerned in the work to the exclusion of Beaumont.

Be the authorship whose it may, "The Two Noble Kinsmen" is undoubtedly one of the finest dramas in the volumes before us. It contains passages which, in dramatic vigor and passion, yield hardly to anything—perhaps to nothing—in the whole collection; while for gorgeousness of imagery, for delicacy of poetic feeling, and for grace, animation, and strength of language, we doubt whether there exists, under the names of our authors, any drama that comes near to it. Never has any theme enjoyed the honors which have befallen the semi-classical legend of Palamon and Arcite. Chosen as the foundation of chivalrous narrative by Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden, it has furnished one of the fairest of the flowers that compose the dramatic crown of Fletcher, while from that flower, perhaps, leaves might be plucked to decorate another brow which needs them not.

If the admirers of Fletcher could vindicate for him the fifth act of this play, they would entitle him to a still higher claim upon our gratitude, as the author of a series of scenes, as picturesquely conceived, and as poetically set forth, as any that our literature can boast. Dramatically considered, these scenes are very faulty: perhaps there are but two of them that have high dramatic merits—the interrupted execution of Palamon, and the preceding scene in which Emilia, left in the forest, hears the tumult of the battle, and receives successive reports of its changes and issue. But as a gallery of poetical pictures, as a cluster of images suggestive alike to the imagination and the feelings, as a cabinet of jewels whose lustre dazzles the eye and blinds it to the unskilful setting—in this light there are few pieces comparable to the magnificent scene before the temples, where the lady and her lovers pray to the gods: and the pathetically solemn close of the drama, admirable in itself, loses only when we compare it with the death of Arcite in Chaucer's masterpiece, "the Iliad of the middle ages."

In proceeding to trace the further history of our poets, we are naturally led to touch upon another question which has puzzled all their editors and critics. What was the share of each of the two, either in the construction of the works generally, or in the composition of particular plays? The field of inquiry is considerably narrowed by our knowledge of some dates; and also, in one or two instances, by other trustworthy evidence. According to a careful estimate, there are, of the fifty-three plays now included in the collection, no fewer than seventeen which were not represented, and almost certainly cannot have been written, till after Beaumont's death; while it is known that he had no part in the composition of "The Faithful Shepherdess." Eighteen plays being thus excluded from Beaumont's share, there remain thirty-five as to no one of which can it be alleged with positive certainty that it was written by the one, by the other, or by both. The assertions made in the prologues, epilogues, and commendatory verses, are unauthoritative, and in many cases contradict each other. The internal evidence, again, is by no means sufficient for a determination of the question. We must discard at once, as unproved and highly improbable, an opinion of some of the older writers, which they presented in two forms: some of them saying generally, that Fletcher was the inventor, and Beaumont the critic and corrector; and others holding

Beaumont to have planned the joint works, while Fletcher executed the designs thus furnished. We might describe as more plausible, but can scarcely regard as probable, and certainly not as proved, another theory, which is supported by old authority, and has been favorably received in our own day. According to this hypothesis, Beaumont's genius was the more serious and elevated of the two; and it is to him that the prevalence of the tragic or higher poetic element is owing. Thus Mr. Darley speaks of "Beaumont's deeper, graver enthusiasm," and detects "a Beaumontesque air" in certain of the plays. This notion, it is to be feared, rests on as slippery ground as the others. It is, doubtless, a fact not to be forgotten, that the tone of the dramas does in certain respects sink, as we trace them in their historical order. They sink, both morally and as works of art. They lose not a little of their descriptive and lyrical luxuriance, though they acquire greater pointedness of stage effect: they recede from lofty and heroic themes to scenes of actual life, or, at the highest, to romantic and novel-like adventures. But circumstances existed fully adequate to account for this gradual change, independently of all assumptions of differences in the genius or disposition of the two writers. Some such circumstances will suggest themselves incidentally, as we rapidly follow the poets through the remainder of their literary progress.

The works, as they lie before us, present a strange and mortifying inequality. Our poets did not always choose their themes wisely; sometimes they treated very indifferently themes which they had chosen well. Some of their works, such as "Cupid's Revenge," are bad for the former reason; others, like "The Coxcomb," exhibit both faults together. The immortality which, beyond all controversy, Beaumont and Fletcher have achieved, belongs to the creators of Euphrasia, Aspatia, and Arbaces. Without these, they would have lived only in beautiful fragments, and as the playwrights of successful acting plays.

Yet there are several admirable pieces among the other works composed while the alliance endured.

First probably in order, and far highest in value, stands Fletcher's celebrated pastoral, "The Faithful Shepherdess." Yet this piece failed signally on the stage, and could not under any circumstances have succeeded. It is to be judged and felt in the closet only, and by readers such as those to whom the author, on printing it, scornfully appealed, from "the common prate of common people." If we compare it with Jonson's fine fragment, "The Sad Shepherd," we find it, as usual, superior in poetical description, inferior in dramatic strength. Its lyrical beauty had evidently made a deep impression on the youthful mind of Milton; and it is much higher above Guarini's "Pastor Fido," its immediate original, than it is below Tasso's "Aminta," which likewise came before it. We will not compare any of these poems with the "Comus"—the only perfect specimen of this difficult and anomalous kind of dramatic composition.

The "Masque of the Inns of Court," written by Beaumont three years afterwards, was intended to celebrate the inauspicious marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Count Palatine. This short sketch is picturesquely conceived; it is full of lively images and felicitous expressions. Nor, can we look with indifference on a piece, in the representation of which it is recorded that Francis Bacon, then attorney-general, took an active interest. Alas for Bacon! Well would it have

been for him had all his acts of courtiership been as innocent as the "countenance and loving affection" which he here showed to the work of a man of kindred though weaker genius.

Yet Beaumont's Masque will no way bear comparison with Fletcher's Pastoral; and certainly his part in the volume of miscellaneous poems, first published with his name in 1640, and his juvenile attempts formerly described, give no support to those who maintain that Beaumont was the greater genius of the two. But we need not enter too curiously into a question, which their love for each other, and for their common labors, has not chosen, it would seem, to leave us the materials for determining. They were yet young when death dissolved their partnership.

To the period before Beaumont's death may be referred certainly one, and perhaps two tragedies, not yet named. The first is "Thierry and Theodoret," a piece stuffed full of horrors, and abounding in strained situations; but instinct with passion and energy, and presenting one scene, the unveiling of Ordella, which Charles Lamb considered to be the finest the poets ever wrote. Commendation even higher has been given to the death-scene of the princely boy Hengo. The sweet pathos of this scene, the heroism of Caratach, and the occasional bursts of poetry and lofty thought, which animate the tragedy of "Bonduca," redeem it from the neglect to which its ill-contrived plot, and its gross want of harmony and feeling, must otherwise have condemned it.

"The Knight of the Burning Pestle," another of the early works, is a kind of stepping-stone from the tragic to the comic, a transition-stratum between the primitive simplicity of "The Maid's Tragedy," and the rich but foul commixture of the later comedies. It is a twofold satire. Directly it ridicules the chivalrous romances, striking a note which had scarcely as yet been heard by the people of England; since Don Quixote, although evidently known to the authors of this play, did not appear in the earliest English translation till the year after. Indirectly, but quite unequivocally, it ridicules also the chivalrous dramas of Heywood, especially his "Four Prentices of London," and exhibits in humorous caricature the London citizens who delighted in those representations. The ordinary penalty was paid for an attack on popular delusions. The play was damned. It exhibits, however, an infinity of broad humor, both in character and in incident: its plot is well laid, and is carried out with great skill and consistency; there are some fine descriptions in it; and occasionally, though less clearly than in the romance of Cervantes, it shows an involuntary and interesting sympathy with the attractive extravagances which it was designed to parody.

These works were accompanied and succeeded by several comedies, the best of which were, "The Scornful Lady," and "The Honest Man's Fortune." The tone of the comedies indicated the progress towards that style of thought and composition, by which, when he was left alone, Fletcher was to recommend himself to the equivocal taste of his own age, and that of the Restoration.

And how soon was he to be left alone! The intimate personal communion of the friends had been impaired by the marriage of Beaumont. Three years afterwards he was dead. He died in March, 1616, leaving two daughters—one of whom is said to have married a Scottish colonel, and to

have lived in Scotland; and the other to have become a dependent, and afterwards a pensioner of the ducal family of Ormond. At the time of his death, Beaumont was certainly not more than thirty-one years of age, and perhaps even younger. His affectionate brother, and his shrewd friend Corbet, agreed in assigning the same cause for his premature decay. The ever-active mind had worn out its infirm tabernacle. "Wit's a disease consumes men in few years."

A generation later, another tribute was paid to his memory; a tribute, too, poor in poetic worth, but precious as coming from a brave and gentle spirit. It was penned by his kinsman the gallant Lisle, him of whom Clarendon says, that he never had an enemy. We think, as we pursue it, of the frightful struggle which was about to convulse England, and of the bloody grave in which, within a few months, the writer was to sleep. When we read some of the other commendatory verses prefixed to the first collected edition of these dramas, we are painfully reminded of some of the darkest features which must have deformed the face of contemporary society. It is absolutely startling to hear Beaumont and Fletcher commended, not only for poetical and dramatic excellence, but also for moral purity, and for a steady design to promote the cause of virtue. Such praises are lavished on them, not only by Lovelace and other rakish cavaliers, but by thoughtful and serious men like Habington and Thomas Stanley. The verdict of the laity is confirmed by the clerical authority of Cartwright and Mayne, and receives an Episcopal sanction from Bishop Earle. We do not know whether Beaumont had been a restraint on his friend; but it is certain that Fletcher afterwards pandered to the evil tendencies of the time with less reserve. There is no ascertained date to "The Custom of the Country," the most immoral play of the series, though at the same time one of the most ingenious. But several pieces, known to belong to Fletcher's later years, display a systematic grossness, of which the earlier works, reprehensible though they are in parts, offer no example. The licentiousness, indeed, is such, that a parallel must be sought, not in the older and higher works of our drama, but in those of its approaching decay; not in the coarsely stern morality of Jonson and Massinger, nor even in the less pure works of Webster, Middleton, and Ford, but in the lubricity of the representations, to which the court of Charles the First appears to have turned aside for relaxation, if not for comfort, when desirous of forgetting for a time the threatening realities out of doors. Indeed, there is but a short step from Shirley, or from Fletcher in his latter days, to Wycherley and Congreve—from the morality of "The Spanish Curate" and "The Lady of Pleasure," to that of "The Country Wife" and "The Double Dealer." But this is a repulsive theme. It is more pleasant to mark the genius which inspires so warmly the best of Fletcher's later works, and which is never entirely wanting in the very lowest of them.

The list contains several tragedies. Of these "The Bloody Brother," "The False One," and "The Double Marriage," are the most attractive. Some of the later plays, while essentially comic, trespass on the domain of tragedy. "Women Pleased," and "A Wife for a Month," are among the best. The worst pieces of this class are, "The Sea-Voyage" and "The Island Princess."

The poet's tendencies, both to good and to evil,

are very characteristically displayed in another group, which may be described as romantic or poetical comedies. They are, one and all of them, novels thrown into a dramatic form. They contain much poetic fire and beauty, and much also that is interesting in character and in story. The most successful of these are the pleasingly conceived plays of "The Pilgrim" and "The Beggars' Bush."

There remains to be mentioned among Fletcher's later pieces, another class, distinct from the two last—his comedies of intrigue. No plays of the series were so popular in their own day, and in the time of Charles II.; none have contributed so much to maintain the name of Fletcher on the stage; and none are so well known to casual readers of the old English drama. These comedies present us with humorous scenes and personages modelled from ordinary life. Considered in their poetical aspect, they possess little value; they are not remarkable either for the nature or consistency of their characters, or for skill in the management of the plots. Several of them, however, make a nearer approach to excellence in their class, than our authors could attain while serving a more severe and ambitious muse. Accordingly, two or three of these plays have been held, by many critics, to be the best of the collection. The stories are felicitously selected for exciting a light and passing interest; and they abound in striking situations, successfully carried through for the purposes of the stage. With their airy wit, their overflowing animal spirits, their colloquial diction, and their playful characters, what more can the regular frequenters of a theatre desire? We will mention some of them: For instance, "The Woman's Prize," in which the woman-tamer Petruccio is resuscitated in order to meet with his match; "The Chances," perhaps the best acting play of the series; "Monsieur Thomas," which is full of jovial humor and broad drollery; "The Wildgoose Chase," plundered and transposed by Farquhar; "The Spanish Curate," a comedy of remarkable merit in point of art, and of very great demerit in point of morality; "The Elder Brother," converted with another of our plays into a comedy by Cibber; "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," which, with a few needful alterations, keeps its place on the stage, in virtue of the acting capabilities of the character of Leon.

Fletcher's life of labor closed in his forty-sixth year. In August, 1625, designing to pay a visit in Norfolk, he delayed his journey till he should be furnished with a suit of new clothes. The plague then raged in London; he was seized with it and died. He was buried, without monument or inscription, in the church of Saint Saviour's in Southwark. Not twenty years afterwards, the unfortunate Massinger was buried in the same cemetery; and, if we are to accept literally the assertion of one of their admirers, the two poets now lie together in the same unknown grave!

Fletcher had toiled in his vocation till his dying hour. In the last three years of his life, he certainly brought upon the stage twelve or thirteen plays; and he appears also to have been occupied in the composition of others, which, finished perhaps by surviving writers, were not produced till after his death. In one of these, "The Lover's Progress," which in its present shape contains passages that have been attributed to Massinger, there is a scene—that of the merry ghost of the innkeeper—which used to be read with great delight by Sir Walter Scott.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher continued long to be the most popular, or rather perhaps the most fashionable, of all stage pieces. They were in high favor till the shutting of the theatres on the breaking out of the civil war; and, after the Restoration, we are told, that two of them were acted for one of Shakspeare's or of Jonson's. Dryden assigns, as a reason, the sprightliness of the comedies, and the pathos of the tragedies; but there were other causes less creditable to the works and to the age. In fact, they were displaced from the stage only by plays surpassing them in those moral defects, by which, we fear, much more than by their genius, they were recommended to the playgoers of the time of Charles the Second.

Meanwhile, a large proportion of the plays were known only to the frequenters of the theatres. Nine of the earlier of them, and no others, were printed successively in quarto, during Fletcher's lifetime; and seven others were subsequently printed in the same form before 1647. In this year, the theatres being closed, (a fortunate event for the preservation of many of our old dramas,) the players published a folio volume, containing thirty-four plays not previously printed, with a preface by the dramatist Shirley; which has severely tantalized later editors, by the writer's profession of possessing information which he does not condescend to communicate. Another play having afterwards appeared separately, the list was made up to fifty-one in the folio edition of 1679. This edition was reprinted in 1711, in seven octavo volumes, with the addition of the tragi-comedy of "The Coronation," now attributed to Shirley. In 1750 appeared the earliest critical edition, in ten octavo volumes. It was begun by Theobald, and completed by Simpson and Seward. Most of the notes and criticisms are feeble; and the editors are justly declared by Mr. Dyce to have taken "the most unwarrantable liberties with the text"—liberties, however, which, like Theobald's emendations on Shakspeare, include two or three lucky conjectures. A second critical edition, that of 1778, in ten volumes, was chiefly edited by George Colman the elder. Its criticism is of a higher order than that of its predecessor; while, in regard to the text, its principal merit lies in its having restored most of the older readings. Monek Mason next worked upon our poets, but published only "Notes" upon them in 1798.

In 1812 there appeared, in fourteen volumes, the edition by Weber: one of those favorite designs of Sir Walter Scott, which promised so much benefit to our literature, and ended so disastrously for the projector and his associates. Weber printed for the first time "The Faithful Friends," a play of doubtful authorship and small value. In his edition a good deal is done towards the improvement of the text; but in his dealing with disputed readings, as well as in his critical remarks, he is very unequal—although hardly more than might be expected in an editor to whom our language and literature were not native. The hand, or prompting, of Weber's patron, may be detected in a few notes, historical and antiquarian.

In 1839 Mr. Moxon reprinted Weber's text in two very handsome volumes, which still form the only edition moderate enough in cost to be within the reach of a large class of readers. An introduction by Mr. Darley is prefixed, ingenious and

interesting, though somewhat eccentric and over-subtle.

The text of Beaumont and Fletcher is in a much worse state than that of Shakspeare. In very many passages it is corrupted beyond the possibility of remedy. But amendment was attainable in various places, where the editors had not attempted it, or had failed in the attempt. No man living is better qualified to supply their shortcomings than the gentleman whose laborious edition is now completed, and under whose guidance, readers of Beaumont and Fletcher, in all coming time, will enter upon their delightful task with means and appliances never before enjoyed. Mr. Dyce's reputation, as a profound student of the old English drama, and as a rational and acute verbal critic, has been firmly established by his reprints of Webster, Peele, and Middleton, and by his remarks on the text of Shakspeare.

His collation of the old copies of Beaumont and Fletcher has been unwearied; and has removed not a few serious difficulties. His own suggestions of new readings are almost always cautious and sensible, and, so far as we can judge, sometimes very happy. As much, in short, has been done for the text as the nature of the case admits of, except perhaps occasionally in the distribution of the versified lines; we think his ear has not always caught their loose and buoyant structure. His foot-notes are commendably brief, and usually instructive. They are written, too, with as much good temper and forbearance as it is possible to expect; considering, that he evidently entertains for his predecessors not a little of the contempt which possesses every new editor of our early dramas. But he has been able to keep the feeling wonderfully in check. Indeed, it seldom breaks out further than to the disfigurement of his punctuation with ironical marks of admiration.

In his prefaces to the several plays we have been a little disappointed, from not finding there all the information we had expected concerning the origin of each. He has, indeed, traced several of them to novels not previously noticed; but he has left untouched the curious question suggested by Mr. Hallam, of the obligations of their authors, especially in the comedies, to the Spanish stage. This is a mine as yet unwrought; and Beaumont and Fletcher are not the only dramatists of our old schools, whose works might derive considerable illustration from the opening of it.

The introductory "Account of the Lives and Writings" of the poets, is excellent. We learn there, for the first time, several new facts, such as the date and place of Fletcher's birth, and sundry particulars, carefully collected from many quarters, which had not been previously brought to bear on the biography of our poets. The critical remarks on the several plays are judicious and modest; and the observations adopted from other critics are scrupulously referred to their rightful sources.

In a word, Mr. Dyce has performed with unusual merit and effect all that he has attempted; nor is it likely that any one else will successfully attempt more. Every gentleman who pretends to have a library, and to care for English poetry, should provide himself with a publication, in which our two greatest dramatists, after Shakspeare, appear for the first time in a form worthy of their fame.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar; and a Brief History of the Whale Fishery, in its past and present condition. By J. ROSS BROWNE. With Numerous Engravings and Woodcuts. London: 1846.*

A YOUNG American of education, taste, and accomplishment, gifted (or cursed) with warm sensibility and a lively fancy, is determined to see something of the romance of life before sobering down to its realities. His plan is to earn money enough in a year, to pay the expenses of a journey across Europe to the East, in the course of which he is to visit all the favored lands of poetry and song, and haply make his fortune by marrying a European duchess or Arabian princess on the way. The money is to be earned at Washington by reporting debates in congress; and one of the anticipated advantages of this mode of supplying the required outfit is, the intimate acquaintance which it is to give him with the habits and characters of the great. Glowing with enthusiasm, his mind expanded by the constant contemplation of patriotism and philanthropy, and his memory stored with electric bursts of eloquence, he would carry to the old world the freshest feelings and impressions of the new, and perchance promote the *entente cordiale* of the rival hemispheres. He learns shorthand, is hired as a reporter for a session, earns just enough to keep himself from hand to mouth, and is completely disabused of his illusions regarding statesmen and statesmanship.

"As the session advanced, much of my youthful enthusiasm began to wear away. A nearer acquaintance with the distinguished political leaders by no means increased my respect for them. At first I could not approach a great man without trembling. I never felt my utter insignificance, till, with uncovered head and downcast eyes, I stood in the presence of those renowned statesmen and orators whose names I had learned to revere. I was not so young, however, but that I could soon see into the hollowness of political distinction; the small trickery practised in the struggle for power, the overbearing aristocracy of station, and the heartless and selfish intrigues by which public men maintain their influence. I became thoroughly disgusted with so much hypocrisy and bombast. It required no sage monitor to convince me that true patriotism does not prevail to a very astonishing extent in the hearts of those who make the most noise about it. The profession I had chosen enabled me to see behind the scenes, and study well the great machinery of government, and I cannot say that I saw a good deal to admire."

Still, though the enthusiasm is on the wane, and the money is wanting, the yearning for foreign climes is as strong as ever; and a friend is found smitten with the same passion, and endowed with about the same amount of qualifications, mental, moral, and pecuniary. The following announcement attracts the notice of the pair, as they are strolling about together in New York—

"Wanted, immediately, six able-bodied landmen to go on a whaling voyage from New Bedford. Apply up stairs before five o'clock, p. m."

After a short conference, turning chiefly on the question whether they came fairly within the description of *able-bodied* men, they arrived at the

conclusion that pluck may compensate for weight, and boldly presented themselves to the agent upstairs.

"Well, you think we'll do?" "Oh, no doubt about it. I'm willing to risk you, though I may lose something by it. Whaling, gentlemen, is tolerably hard at first, but it's the first business in the world for enterprising young men. If you are determined to take a voyage, I'll put you in the way of shipping in a most elegant vessel, well fitted—that's the great well-fitted *Vigilana*, and activity will insure you rapid promotion. I have n't the least doubt but you'll come home boat-steerers. I sent off six college students a few days ago, and a poor fellow who had been flogged away from home by a vicious wife. A whaler, gentlemen," continued the agent, rising in eloquence, "a whaler is a place of refuge for the distressed and persecuted, a school for the dissipated, an asylum for the needy. There's nothing like it. You can see the world—you can see something of life."

The language of the recruiting officer is the same all the world over; and to be roused from a dream of love or glory by the rope's-end of the boatswain or the rattan of the corporal, is the inevitable transition state of the military or naval aspirant. Our two adventurers find themselves cramped up in a small vessel with a tyrannical captain and a ruffianly crew; they are very sea-sick at first, and more than half starved afterwards; one sinks under the continued effects of illness and ill-treatment, but Mr. Ross Browne bears up gallantly against all, and comes back to hold up his own and his friend's sufferings as a warning, as well as to use them as a means for bringing about a complete reform in the whale fishery. "There are now," he says, "in active employment, more than seven hundred whaling vessels belonging to the New England states, manned by nearly twenty thousand hardy and intrepid men. It is a reproach to the American people that, in this age of moral reform, the protecting arm of the law has not reached these daring adventurers. History scarcely furnishes a parallel for the deeds of cruelty committed upon them during their long and perilous voyages. The startling increase of crime," he adds, "in the whale fishery demands a remedy. Scarcely a vessel arrives in port that does not bring intelligence of a mutiny. Are the murderous wrongs which compel men to rise up and throw off the burden of oppression, unworthy of notice? Will none make the attempt to arrest their fearful progress?"

It is a step towards the redress of national abuses to make them known in other countries, especially in rival countries; for the spirit of emulation or the sense of shame may succeed, where the sense of justice has been appealed to in vain. We therefore think it a duty to make known the main object of the author. But we must be excused for turning to more attractive matter than the sufferings of Mr. Ross Browne and his shipmates, particularly when we have only just space enough to give a fair specimen of the distinctive portions of his book.

His description of the process of whale-catching is illustrated by woodcuts and engravings—of the instruments employed, the boats in chase, the whale in his dying struggle, the whale about to be cut up, &c.; and for ourselves, we own that we have felt as much interested while reading one of his spirited sketches of an actual pursuit and capture, as when (with our feet on the fender) we were following Colonel Hawker across the Ooze, or clearing the Whissendine with Nimrod. The crew themselves

* Harper & Brothers, New York.

find some compensation for their miseries in the excitement, and *There she blows!* the whaler's view halloo, has the same effect on his nervous system as *Tally-ho!* on a fox-hunter's. To enter fully into the feeling, it must be borne in mind that the pay is proportioned to the quantity of oil procured; that success depends on coolness, courage, and dexterity; and that long periods of despondency commonly intervene between what may be denominated the *bursts*. The monotony of a calm is suddenly broken by the long-expected cry:

"*'There she blows!'*" was sung out from the mast-head.

"*'Where away?'*" demanded the captain.

"*'Three points off the lee bow, sir.'*"

"*'Raise up you wheel. Steady!'*"

"*'Steady, sir.'*"

"*'Mast-head, ahoy! Do you see that whale now?'*"

"*'Ay, ay, sir. A school of sperm whales! There she blows! There she breaches!'*"

"*'Sing out! Sing out every time.'*"

"*'Ay, ay, sir. There she blows! There—there—there—she blows, bores—boos!'*"

"*'How far off!'*"

"*'Two miles and a half.'*"

"*'Thunder and lightning! so near!'*"

"*'Call all hands. Clear up the fore-t'gallant-sail—there! belay! Hard down your wheel! Haul back the main-yard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready!'*"

"*'All ready, sir.'*"

"*'Lower away!'*"

"Down went the boats with a splash. Each boat's crew sprang over the rail, and in an instant the larboard, starboard, and waist boats were manned. There was great rivalry in getting the start. The waist boat got off in pretty good time, and away went all three, dashing the water high over their bows. Nothing could be more exciting than the chase. The larboard boat commanded by the mate, and the waist boat by the second mate, were head and head.

"*'Give way, my lads, give way,'* shouted P—, our headsman; *'we gain on them; give way. A long, steady stroke. That's the way to tell it.'*"

"The chase was now truly soul-stirring. Sometimes the larboard, then the starboard, then the waist boat took the lead. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After we had run two miles at this rate, the whales turned flukes, going dead to windward.

"*'Now for it, my lads,'* cried P—. *'We'll have them the next rising. Now pile it on! A long, steady pull! That's it! That's the way! Those whales belong to us. Don't give out! Half an hour more, and they're our whales.'*"

"On dashed the boat, clearing its way through the rough sea, as if the briny element were blue smoke. The whale, however, turned flukes before we could reach him. When he appeared again above the surface of the water, it was evident that he had milled while down, by which manœuvre he gained on us nearly a mile. The chase was now almost hopeless, as he was making to windward rapidly. A heavy black cloud was on the horizon, portending an approaching squall, and the bark was fast fading from sight. Still we were not to be baffled by discouraging circumstances of this kind, and we braced our sinews for a grand and final effort.

"The wind had by this time increased almost to

a gale, and the heavy black clouds were scattering over far and wide. Part of the squall had passed off to leeward, and entirely concealed the bark. Our situation was rather unpleasant, in a rough sea, the other boats out of sight, and each moment the wind increasing. We continued to strain every muscle till we were hard upon the whale. Tabor sprang to the bow, and stood by it with the harpoon.

"*'Softly, softly, my lads,'* said the headsman.

"*'Ay, ay, sir.'*"

"*'Hush-h-h! softly. Now 's your time, Tabor.'*"

"Tabor let fly the harpoon, and buried the iron.

"*'Give him another.'*"

"*'Stern all!'*" thundered P—.

"*'Stern all!'*"

"And, as we rapidly backed from the whale, he flung his tremendous flukes high in the air, covering us with a cloud of spray. He then sounded, making the line whiz as it passed through the chocks. When he rose to the surface again, we hauled up, and the second mate stood ready in the bow to despatch him with lances.

"*'Spouting blood!'*" said Tabor. *'He's a dead whale!'* He won't need much lancing.' It was true enough; for, before the officer could get within dart of him, he commenced his dying struggles. The sea was crimsoned with his blood. By the time we had reached him, he was belly up. We lay upon our oars a moment to witness his last throes, and when he had turned his head towards the sun, a loud, simultaneous cheer burst from every lip."

One of the charms of hunting is for a gentleman to find himself, at the end of a long run, some thirty miles from home, with a tired, lamed, or dying horse. One of the charms of whale fishing is for a boat's crew to find themselves out of sight of their ship on a tossing sea, with a storm coming on. Such was the condition of the crew in question, and the description of their return is one of the best passages in the book. The danger of being lost in this manner is not the only danger. A blow with the whale's tail might stave in the boat; the slightest hitch would cause it to be upset or dragged under by the rope; and on one occasion the harpooned whale made right for the ship, and passed under it, with the boat in tow, in such a direction that the boat only escaped being dashed to pieces by a foot or two. Here, therefore, is excitement of every sort for the amateur; and we do not see, now that this new field of adventure is made known, why yachting dandies or guardsmen on leave should not give up moors and salmon rivers, or even jungles and prairies, for a season, and take a turn in the "horse latitudes" of the Atlantic, where, it seems, a "school" of whales is most likely to be found. We recommend them, however, to remain satisfied with the sport.

"A 'trying-out scene' is the most stirring part of the whaling business, and certainly the most disagreeable. The try-works are usually situated between the foremast and the main-hatch. In wide vessels they contain two or three large pots imbedded in brick. A few barrels of oil from the whale's case, or head, are babbled into the pots before commencing upon the blubber. Two men are standing by the mincing horse, one slicing up the blubber, and the other passing horse pieces from a tub, into which they are thrown by a third hand, who receives them from the hold. One of the boat-steerers stands in front of the lee pot, pitching the minced blubber into the pots with a fork. Another is stirring up the oil, and throwing the scraps

into a wooden strainer. We will now imagine the works in full operation at night. Dense clouds of lurid smoke are curling up to the tops, shrouding the rigging from the view. The oil is hissing in the try-pots. Half-a-dozen of the crew are sitting on the windlass; their rough, weather-beaten faces shining in the red glare of the fires, all clothed in greasy duck, and forming about as savage a looking group as ever was sketched by the pencil of Salvator Rosa. The cooper and one of the mates are raking up the fires with long bars of wood or iron. The decks, bulwarks, railing, try-works, and windlass are covered with oil, and slime of blackskin, glistening with the red glare from the try-works. Slowly and doggedly the vessel is pitching her way through the rough seas, looking as if enveloped in flames.

"More horse pieces!" cries the mincer's attendant.

"Horse pieces!" echoes the man in the waist.

"Scrap!" growls a boat-steerer.

"Our down-easter, who had always something characteristic to say of everything that fell under his observation, very sagely remarked on one occasion, when nearly suffocated with smoke, 'If this wa'n't h—ll on a small scale, he did n't know what to call it.'

"Of the unpleasant effects of the smoke, I scarcely know how any idea can be formed, unless the curious inquirer choose to hold his nose over the smoking wick of a sperm-oil lamp, and fancy the disagreeable experiment magnified a hundred thousand fold. Such is the romance of life in the whale fishery."

Every walk of life is (we will not say pressed, but) fairly and naturally brought into modern literature; and it is a fortunate circumstance that the task of describing the mercantile marine of the United States has devolved on two such men as Mr. Dana, the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," and Mr. Ross Browne, who (no slight praise) is every way worthy to take rank with his predecessor.

From Chambers' Journal.

VULCANIZED CAOUTCHOUC.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since our last notice of the wonderful material, caoutchouc. During this period our consumption and the importance of the article have expanded in an equal and surprising ratio; and we should be at a loss at this moment to mention any other substance as taking a more varied and peculiar ratio in utility to man. Its wonderful cohesive force, its property of resisting compression, its impermeability, its elasticity, and its facile accommodation to a host of the wants of mankind, render caoutchouc a substance of great interest at all times. Latterly, however, a new method of treating the material, bestowing upon it a vast increase of its valuable peculiarities, besides endowing it with some new properties, has been discovered. We therefore believe it will interest our readers to offer some account of this new process, which has received the title of "Vulcanization, or Conversion."

Caoutchouc is imported into England in the form of plates and tablets, as well as in the pyriform bottles more familiarly known. Some specimens of the liquid, from which the material is prepared, have also been brought in hermetically-sealed flasks. In this condition it resembles a thick yellow cream; and when applied as a varnish, covers the substance over with an impregnable coating. Since the first

introduction of this material to the present hour, it has been an insoluble problem to chemists to restore solidified caoutchouc to its primitive condition: the ordinary solvents of the substance producing a liquid which has few properties in common with the natural fluid, besides that the solution exhales an offensive and pungent odor for a considerable period after its application. Immediately on exposure, the liquid product of the tree separates into two parts, and caoutchouc rises to the surface like the cream of milk. It would, therefore, appear probable that a chemical influence is exerted by the air upon the fluid, since it remains in a great degree unaltered if the access of air is prevented. To render the imported caoutchouc applicable to the purposes of commerce, it requires to undergo a certain amount of preparation. The eminent French chemist, M. Dumas, thus describes the process:—The caoutchouc is taken in the pyriform or tablet condition, and is first pressed between two cylinders, while a current of warm water is permitted to flow over it; in this manner the foreign ingredients and impurities are removed. It is then put into a hollow cylinder, and, by mechanical aid, is subjected to a violent kneading process, during which a large amount of latent heat is evolved; by this means it eventually becomes quite soft, and may be moulded into whatever form is most desirable for the purpose intended. It is then cut by machinery, with the assistance of a constant current of warm water, into sheets; or these may be cut from the masses, as imported, without the preparation described by M. Dumas; or into a delicate elastic thread; or it is cut into shreds for the formation of the solution. At an early period of its introduction into England, caoutchouc was sold to artists at a guinea the ounce; it is now procurable, retail, at from three to four shillings the pound. Caoutchouc is soluble in ether, rectified oil of turpentine, naphtha, or oil of coal-tar, and in the bisulphuret of carbon. Of these, the latter, and the offensive liquid naphtha, are the solvents most frequently employed. Messrs. Beale and Enderby of London have discovered a new liquid for its solution, obtained by the destructive distillation of caoutchouc itself; an oily fluid is the product, and has the property of readily dissolving the substance from which it is procured. As a certain weight of caoutchouc put into the still yields a weight of the oil nearly equal to itself, there is not much loss in the process.

The applications of unvulcanized caoutchouc have of late years been very numerous. In solution, it has been applied for coating over cordage and cables, to protect them from the destructive influence of salt water. An early application of the same liquid was in the manufacture of the invaluable impermeable cloth; of this a new variety has made its appearance within the last few months. Those valuable little articles known by the foolish name of India-rubber corks, are also a production of recent date. They are formed of small stoppers of cotton, coated externally with a thin caoutchouc membrane. They are in some respects vastly superior as stoppers to cork, in others they are inferior to it. In the laboratory, sheet India-rubber is quite indispensable; it supplies the place of a mass of expensive and easily-deranged mechanism of brass-joints and unions: it is easily made into a flexible tube, by taking a narrow ribbon of the membrane, slightly moistening the edges with turpentine, and laying them together over a glass tube; they immediately adhere with surprising tenacity, and in a few minutes

the elastic tube is completed. Caoutchouc, in fact, may be said to have contributed in no small degree to the perfection of the experimental chemistry of the day, its economy and utility being equally appreciated in labors which always involve a considerable outlay, and offer, in the generality, few remunerative returns beyond the acquisition of truth. In mechanical surgery caoutchouc is equally serviceable, forming elastic bandages, impermeable plasters, flexible tubes, and the recent elegant substitute for a poultice—a kind of half-sponge, with an India-rubber back to it; besides forming instruments of many kinds, of great value but small cost. Among the most important applications of caoutchouc, is its use in the formation of the celebrated marine glue. The caoutchouc is dissolved in oil of tar, or naphtha, and to the solution is added a certain quantity of shell-lac; these are melted together, and by their union form the almost invincible adherent in question. The masts of ships have been united by it, and then forcibly fractured; and on examination, it has turned out that the fracture has taken place, not at the junction, but in the very fibres of the wood itself. Our readers are probably familiar with the other experiments made at Woolwich upon the strength and tenacity of this material, the most striking of which was, that a ball of wood, sawn in half, and united by the glue, was fired from a cannon, and was found with the union absolutely unshaken in the least. It was even projected that an entire vessel might be constructed by its assistance, without the use of nails and bolts, or at any rate their use might have been in a considerable degree dispensed with. It may be mentioned here as probable, that in some measure caoutchouc contributes to the elaboration of silk, the mulberry leaves upon which the silk-worm feeds yielding caoutchouc in great abundance. It is possible that it will not be long ere we shall have caoutchouc formed artificially for the purposes of commerce. Dr. Ure mentions that linseed-oil, rendered very dry by being boiled with a metallic oxide, and exposed to the air for six or seven months, became very much like caoutchouc, was wonderfully elastic, and possessed other properties resembling that substance.

To return, however, to the more immediate subject of our notice—vulcanized caoutchouc. Mr. Brockedon, whose name is well known as connected with the subject of which we are treating, describes the process by which caoutchouc acquires its new properties to be the following, the merit of which is due to Mr. Hancock:—The caoutchouc is immersed in a bath of fused sulphur, heated to a proper temperature, until, by absorbing a portion of the sulphur, it assumes a carbonized appearance, and eventually acquires the consistency of horn. The same condition can, however, be produced by either kneading the India-rubber with sulphur, and then exposing it to a temperature of 190 degrees Fahrenheit, or by dissolving it in any of the common solvents, as turpentine, holding sulphur in solution or suspension. A similar process is that of "conversion," only in this case the caoutchouc combines with sulphur under a different agency. The bisulphuret of carbon, mixed with sulphur, is in this instance made to act upon the India-rubber, and causes it to undergo a change on the surface; but it cannot be penetrated to any great depth by such means, and the process therefore becomes inapplicable to masses of any density. The rationale of these operations appears to be, that the India-rubber forms an actual chemical compound with the sul-

phur; becomes, in short, a sulphuret of caoutchouc, the properties of which are thus enumerated:—The new compound remains elastic at all temperatures, while ordinary caoutchouc becomes inelastic and rigid at a few degrees above the freezing point of water; vulcanized caoutchouc is not the ordinary solvents, neither is it affected by heat within a considerable range of temperature. Finally, it acquires extraordinary powers of resisting compression, with a great increase of strength and elasticity. Some interesting experiments have been made upon this new compound. Most of our readers are familiar with the construction of the powerful spiral spring in use for the "buffers" of railway carriages, to moderate the effects of concussion; their ordinary strength is such as to demand a pressure equivalent to three tons and upwards, to compress the spiral close together. Mr. Fuller has invented a form of spring, in which vulcanized caoutchouc takes the place of the steel, and the surprising result is, that the India-rubber springs are more than *three times* the strength of the metallic; that is, they will resist, at the height of their tension, a pressure equal to from *five to ten tons*. A more forcible evidence of the strength of this material was obtained by firing a cannon ball through a mass of vulcanized caoutchouc, and it was found literally broken to pieces, while there was scarcely a perceptible rent in the caoutchouc itself.

Gifted with these new powers, vulcanized caoutchouc has already been called into extensive employment for the most various and opposite purposes. It forms, in hydraulic engines of all kinds, one of the most valuable materials for "washers," applying itself so accurately to the surfaces between which it is placed, as to prevent the slightest leakage, other things being equal. In this capacity, and from its power of resisting heat, it has also been proposed for the use of steam-pipe joints. It forms an admirable spring, more docile and more equal in power than those of steel: it has been for this purpose applied to locks and window-blinds. It may be here mentioned parenthetically, that by proportioning the ingredients, the material may be rendered harder or softer at will; and that for some purposes it is used in the former, for others in the latter condition. It is manufactured also into the most elaborate ornaments,* being superior to leather in the sharp outline and bold relief of their detail. It is formed into a tubing of great strength and flexibility, well adapted, the consideration of expense excepted, for fire-hose, and for any apparatus required in conveying steam, water, or gas. We have seen this tubing wrapped together, twisted, and knotted into every conceivable shape, and instantly resume its contour as soon as it was liberated from its restraint. This tube promises to become invaluable in the construction of life-boats, superseding those made of canvass, which were slowly destroyed by the influence of sea water. A curious use to which it has been put, is as a substitute for the iron tire or hoop of the carriage-wheel: the advantages it is said to afford are a much lighter draught, and an absence of noise. In dry weather, the first postulate may be granted; but in wet, and upon the greasy streets of the metropolis, the wheels act like suckers on the pavement, and cannot fail to increase the draught of the vehicle; besides, noise itself is a *safe* nuisance, and could not very comfortably to pedestrians be altogether dispensed with. Its most important ap-

* We are indebted to the report in the *Athenæum* of Mr. Brockedon's paper for many of these particulars.

plication is in its use in railways, and, as has been mentioned, in railway carriages. It is laid between the rail and the sleeper, and thus prevents the rails from indicating any traces of pressure. The useful little articles "elastic bands" are made of this substance. Besides all these applications, it is proposed to apply it as a coating to protect the wires of the sub-marine telegraph from the influence of the sea water: it forms impervious bottles for ether, inkstands, trouser-straps, gloves, boots, surgical bandages, and a number of other articles, for which its nature almost seems to have been expressly designed.

From the Spectator.

WILSON'S LANDS OF THE BIBLE.

DR. JOHN WILSON is known to a religious section of the community as an active missionary of the Church of Scotland at Bombay, and a frequent writer on philology and theology in reference to the religions of India. A sojourn of more than fourteen years in the East had impaired his health, and in 1843 Dr. Wilson proceeded home to recruit. With the habitual energy of his country, he determined to make his journey homeward subservient to a religious and philanthropic purpose; to follow the wanderings of the Israelites in the Desert, explore the localities of Mount Sinai and Petra, and visit the principal places in the Holy Land. The identity or description of place was not his only object; he wished to examine the present condition of the Eastern Christians, and of the Jewish sects of Palestine, and to compare the latter with their fellows in India; he had also an eye to such matters as the probable success of missions in the Turkish dominions, and the restoration of the Jews.

For a book of mere travels, there was not much interest in Dr. Wilson's route. A steam voyage from Bombay to Suez could furnish little of incident. The Desert trip from Suez to Cairo is made by shoals of travellers three or four times a month; the pyramids and Cairo have been described by persons of every order of mind; the principal places of the Holy Land are nearly as hackneyed; and if the journey through the wilderness to Mount Sinai and Petra is not so common, the subjects have been handled by very superior travellers, and Petra in particular has been exhausted. Still, Dr. Wilson had some advantages. He came from India instead of Europe, and was familiar with the manners and character of Orientals; his acquaintance with the Hebrew and Arabic enabled him to converse with Mahometans and Jews; his objects often gave him and them some topics in common, besides furnishing him with a continual pursuit.

The book, however, by no means equals the expectations that these advantages might induce one to form; nor will it add much to Dr. Wilson's reputation with the general public. A more mistaken twelve hundred pages we have rarely encountered. Nearly everything is done to death. The author would seem to suppose that his reader knows nothing, and has no means of knowing anything, of Egypt, Arabia, or Palestine. He draws no distinction between the trivial and the important; the merest occurrence is told with as much specificity as if it were an incident of importance. A judicious stroke of the pen would have got rid of a hundred pages of tedious narrative from Bombay to Cairo, and left the reader fresh to start with the Israelites on their journey to and through the Red Sea; and

other though shorter passages might be expunged with advantage. The real source of the expansion, however, is deeper, and perhaps beyond the reach of revision. The observer cannot but have remarked that a habit of extempore speaking is fatal to closeness and character of style in writing; and this is more especially the case in platform and sectarian pulpit oratory. The lawyer's training gives him closeness of reasoning and expression; he is continually in the habit of writing; and even in speaking he must seem to speak to some point. The more learned education of the Anglican divine, and the general habit of preaching from written compositions, contribute to a closer and more scholarly style than obtains among sectarians with whom written preaching is a sort of sin. A popular sectarian minister, too, has generally more reliance on his audience; let him say what he will, it is "acceptable." Hence, minuteness, and personal detail either of act or thought, become a habit with the generality of missionaries and nonconformist divines; which tells against them when they take up the pen to address a mixed class of readers.

A temptation to undue extension in *The Lands of the Bible* was the error of making the book a continuous narrative of travels at all. Disquisition and exposition are the true characteristics of the matter. Probable routes, the site of places, the truth of tradition, the condition, opinions, learning, and prospects of religious sects in the East, with traits of the people at large, are the real topics of the work, and those which Dr. Wilson is best fitted to handle. As a mere descriptive traveller, he wants the vivacity of mind and vigor of delineation which alone enable a man to write his travels with effect when he is passing over exhausted ground. These remarks, however, are general. Dr. Wilson may know the demands of a certain class of readers; and to many his interpolations, of the nature of sermons, will be acceptable enough, however critically faulty.

Dr. Wilson differs from Dr. Robinson on many points, and those often capital questions. He does not agree with him, for instance, as to the passage of the Red Sea; and he holds, in opposition to Dr. Robinson, that tradition is correct in regard to Mount Sinai and the spot whence the Ten Commandments were issued; whereas Dr. Robinson wished to change the site. Numerous other identifications of places mentioned in Scripture are discussed, indeed every place of note in Palestine. In the main, we think Dr. Wilson uses a sound judgment and exhibits a rational conclusion in these discussions; though ever speaking in the extreme Protestant views of Romanism.

The more generally interesting portions of the volumes are those which relate to the character of the people. In this very important part of a traveller's business Dr. Wilson enjoyed many advantages, not only in his religious objects, but his Oriental experience, and his acquaintance with the languages. His judgment is upon the whole more favorable to the Arabs, Jews and Syrians, than that of many other travellers. Dr. Wilson brought more consideration and a juster spirit of dealing to his intercourse with the Arabs; and, without losing sight of externals, he does not dwell so much upon mere modes in his description, as is the case with writers who have no means of penetrating beyond the outside. Much misconception in wild countries would be saved if the traveller could always communicate directly with the people, and would do it in the spirit of Dr. Wilson at Petra. His Arab

escort thither had no power in that district, beyond what they could enforce by the strong arm, and either from fear or interest wished to get the travellers away as soon as they arrived.

"We sent for Sheikh Suleiman, now at the head of the Fallahin of Wadi Musa; and we got him engaged in a peaceful conversation. On our blaming him, and the people of his tribe, for their want of hospitality and kindness to the strangers who, in past years, had come from distant lands to examine the wonders of the place, he solemnly declared that all along they had been misunderstood and misrepresented. 'We wish only,' he said in his own way, 'to maintain our own rights; but these are not respected by the camel-sheiks and the English and French gentlemen whom they conduct to our valleys. While they are here, they seek to put our own authority in abeyance. They despise the protection which we are ready and willing to afford. They set their camels loose, to destroy our small pasturage and even our crops; and they never think of repairing the damage which they do to us. They sometimes make demands on our service without recompensing us for it, and carry off the provisions which they get from us without paying us. But these evils we are determined to tolerate no longer. We have five hundred stand of arms; and we are determined to use them. We shall show that our injured tribe is as strong as any which can oppose us.' 'We are men of peace,' we said in reply, 'and we have no wish to fight. Most of the Franks who have come to Wadi Musa have likewise been men of peace; but they may have made a mistake in treating with their Arab conductors, instead of with yourselves, the occupants of these territories. We have made no agreement with our Arabs in your behalf; and we shall be happy to give you reasonable remuneration for the protection which you may afford, the supplies you may furnish, the services you may render to us, and the damage which may be done to you by any of our people.' On this declaration, the sheikh's countenance brightened; and complimenting us for our consideration, he added, 'This is all we want, and for a hundred piastres for each of you, and for daily wages to your attendants, you are welcome to stay with us as long as you please.' The bargain was instantly closed; and he told us that he would let us have as many men as we pleased, to show us everything in the place, answer all our inquiries, and render to us whatever services we might exact. He was perfectly faithful to his engagements; and he frequently visited us to inquire if his men did their duty, and to mark our progress in our researches. During the other days we continued at Petra, we did not meet with the slightest impediment or annoyance."

EXCAVATIONS OF PETRA AND INDIA COMPARED.

"Referring in general to the excavations which we have now noticed, I may be excused for hinting at a comparison of them with the works of a similar character which I have frequently visited in the West of India. As efforts of architectural skill, those of Petra undoubtedly excel those of the Hindus; which they also exceed in point of general extent, if we except the wonderful works at Verula or Ellora. In individual magnitude, they fall far short of many of the cave temples, collegiate halls, and monastic cells of the farther East. Their interest, too, is wholly exterior; while that of those of India, with the exception of the great Brahmanical temple of Kailas, and the porticoes of the Buddhist Vihare

of Sashti and Karli, is principally in the multitudinous decorations and fixtures, and gigantic mythological figures of the interior. The sculptures and excavations of Petra have been principally made by individuals, in their private capacity, for private purposes; and the comparatively limited amount of workmanship about them has permitted this to be the case; while most of those of India, intended for public purposes, and requiring an enormous expenditure of labor and wealth, have mostly been begun and finished by sovereign princes and religious communities. At Petra, we have principally the beauty of art applied often legitimately to subdue the terrors of nature in perhaps the most singular locality on the face of the globe, and the cunning of life stamping its own similitude on the mouth of the grave to conceal its loathsomeness; but in India we have debasing superstition, enshrining itself in gloom and darkness and mystery, in order to overawe its votaries and to secure their reverence and prostration. The moralist, on looking into the empty vaults and tombs of Idumea, and seeing that the very names of the 'kings and counsellors of the earth which constructed these desolate places for themselves' are forgotten, exclaims, in the language which we have already quoted, 'They are destroyed from morning to evening; they perish forever without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency in them go away! they die even without wisdom.' In entering into the dreary and decaying temples and shrines of India, he thinks of that day when 'a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats; to go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.'"

SPECIMEN OF ARAB QUARRELS.

"We observed the party of Arabs who had joined us on our leaving Petra, and had crossed the Arabah with us in the course of the day, studiously keeping at a distance from us at night. The occasion of their shyness was a quarrel which they had had with Sheikh Husein, one of our conductors; and which originated in a conversation on the respective merits of the camels of the party, and on a subject which we had understood the Badawin are averse to speak about, the suitability and serviceableness of the female members of their community. Sheikh Husein was in fault for introducing this last delicate topic, and for the injudicious manner in which he brought it to the notice of the strangers. 'Your wives and daughters,' he tauntingly said, 'are such tender and fastidious objects, that they can neither drive a sheep to the waste nor recall a wandering camel. They can neither bake, nor boil, nor grind, nor bring water. Instead of serving you, you have to serve them and assist them. They are the sheikhs, and you are the slaves.' This impudence met with a corresponding response. 'Get down from your camels, and we shall show you that you lie. Our wives are women; but not so are yours, who are so dirty and smell so rank that a man cannot sit with them in the same tent.' Worse than this followed; and had not we peremptorily interfered, the consequence might have been lamentable, as both parties became absolutely frantic with rage."

HEBREWS AT HEBRON.

"It was about nine o'clock when we arrived in

Hebron, that ancient city which was 'built seven years before Zoan in Egypt,' and which is so hallowed in the history of the great patriarchs. We entered it on foot by a low gate; and, groping our way through its dark streets, we went direct to the Jews' quarter, where our friend Mordecai had for weeks been waiting our arrival. We knocked at the door by which is the entrance to this division of the town; and as soon as it was announced that the 'travellers from Hind' had arrived, there was a general turn-out of its inmates, to bid us welcome to the place which became the first possession of Abraham in the land of promise. Everything, they told us, was in readiness for our reception at the house of one of the Rabbis. Before we passed its threshold, we were embraced by all its members, of all ages and both sexes; and so many persons offered us their services that we really knew not how to avail ourselves of their kindness. We were conducted to a vaulted room, raised from the general passage, having divans in the Turkish style at its extremity, and covered with carpets. We were told that it was the best in the house; and that it was set apart for our use while we might remain in the place. Several lamps with olive oil, the product of the Vale of Mamre, and a fire of charcoal, were immediately kindled. Our luggage, carried from the gates by some of the willing youth who came to our assistance, was quickly at our command. The damsels brought us water for our ablutions, offering at the same time to wash our feet, in discharge of the primitive rites of hospitality. We were speedily arrayed in dry clothes. A dainty repast was set before us; and everything which we could desire was at our command. After escaping the exposure and toils of the Desert, and the rough travel of the night, we found ourselves, amidst all these comforts, in some measure grateful, I trust, to our Heavenly Father and Guardian, from whose grace they flowed. In our social worship, we returned thanks for all the protection extended to us during perhaps the most perilous part of our journey, and for the mercy and goodness which He was making to continue with and abound toward us."

It will be seen from these extracts that there is often a great deal of curious and characteristic matter in Dr. Wilson's pages. It is only to be regretted that an error in judgment, and the want of a habit of selecting his thoughts, did not induce him to throw aside the narrative form altogether; treating the inquiries into routes and sites as disquisition, and presenting his observations upon the actual manners and characters of men as extracts from his journal. By this means, the tedious minuteness of commonplace travel would have been got rid of; as well as the frequent extracts from other travellers, which, though exhibiting a wide range of reading, and Dr. Wilson's laborious preparation for his journey, are rather out of place in a work of this form.

NANTUCKET.

TAKEN altogether, in its origin, progress, prosperity—its sterility, wealth, intelligence, sand-bars and surf—this is quite the most remarkable place in the world. Tadmor was a wonder, and Baalbec a puzzle, but Nantucket is a miracle. The more I look at it and think about it, the more singular it appears to me. There is no place on the globe that offers such a curious study to the politico-moralist as this. About a hundred and eighty years ago, in

those precious good old times that conservatives are always whining about, when every town was embellished with a public whipping-post, and men were "had up" before ecclesiastical tribunals for kissing their wives on the Sabbath, there came to the town of Salisbury, on the Merrimack river, three strangers, who begged the privilege of sheltering themselves from a pelting rain-storm beneath the shed of Thomas Macy, a quiet farmer in those parts. The privilege was granted, and when the storm subsided the strangers departed and went on their way. It was afterwards discovered that these three men were Quakers who were fleeing from the persecution of the public authorities, who, to show their love to God, thought it necessary to hang everybody that construed biblical texts differently from themselves. Thomas Macy was immediately seized and thrown into prison, his goods and chattels distrained upon, and his family left to shift for themselves. He sent a petition to the general court, begging to be released from prison, setting forth, in very simple, but touching language, that he had ignorantly offended in allowing the Quaker wayfarers a shelter beneath his roof, and that in so doing he had only done towards a fellow-man what he could not have denied to a dog. After being kept in prison a year he was released; but finding himself a kind of outcast in the pious neighborhood of Salisbury, he resolved to remove to some far country, where the people had less religion, but more humanity. So he put his family and all their worldly gear into a small boat, and set himself adrift upon the desert waters in search of a new home. As he kept no log of his voyage, we know not what perils he encountered, nor what sea-serpents he saw; but there can be no doubt that his dangers were many, and his hardships great. After being driven about on the wide waters for many days, he at last discerned the sandy cliffs of this island, and thinking from its desolate look that no Christian persecutor would ever follow him thither, he landed with his family, and being hospitably entertained by the native Indians, who had never before seen the face of a white man, and liked to cultivate a curiosity of the kind among them, he remained a year. There was a charm for the honest-hearted Thomas Macy in the sublime desolation of the island.

The waters abounded with a great variety of fine fish, which the Indians caught without difficulty; on the shores were clams, quahogs, perriwinkles, oysters, and many other crustaceous delicacies; the Indians cultivated corn and tobacco, and tradition says that there were trees enough on the island to supply them with fire-wood. But, with all these essential elements of happiness, there was still wanting the converse of friendly neighbors; so the persecuted pilgrim returned to Salisbury and gave so bright a picture of the delights of his new home, that some half a dozen families were tempted to return with him. They were men of simple habits, of strong virtues and benevolent hearts. One of their number, shortly after they landed, went to the top of a hill to look upon their Canaan, and seeing the parched and desert aspect of the land, turned to the sea, where he saw whales spouting and gambolling among the crested waves; stretching out his arm he pointed to the ocean and said to his companions, Yonder are the green fields which will be cultivated by our children. The prediction has been remarkably verified. From that day the inhabitants of the island have devoted themselves wholly to the sea, and have drawn from it immense stores of wealth. At one time Nantucket had a greater

amount of tonnage employed in the whale fishery than any other place in the world. At the present time they have but eighty ships, while New Bedford has nearly double the number.

The people have suffered severely, at different periods, from the effects of war, famine and fire, but the energetic and indomitable spirit of their ancestors still exists among them, and they present quite the most remarkable instance of the pursuit of property under difficulties that the world can offer. The cheap facility of intercourse with the main land by means of steam, has caused some modification in the primitive habits of the people, but they remain unique and thoroughly old English in their speech and customs, and will probably remain so forever, in spite of the flocks of visitors who resort to the island during the hot months, to enjoy the bracing sea air and the fine ocean scenery. The town itself is composed mainly of old weather-beaten frame houses covered with pine shingles, and entirely destitute of all architectural graces or the embellishment of paint; the streets are crooked and straggling, and so sandy that you have to wade through them, rather than walk. That part of the town which was destroyed by fire last year, has been rebuilt with substantial brick buildings, the streets straightened, and the general appearance of things greatly improved. They have plenty of good school-houses, able teachers, and a really handsome Athenæum, with the nucleus of a library and a museum of natural curiosities. But the charm of the island to a visitor lies in its desert hills and sublime ocean prospect. The simple grandeur of the scene, as you stand in the middle of the island, with the ocean gleaming in a bright belt around you, can only be conceived of by those who have stood in the middle of a western prairie. But here the brown poverty of the soil, the absence of all appearances of vegetable fertility, and the blue sea in the distance, are elements of desolate grandeur, that the prairies lack. You might imagine yourself standing upon the first spot of primal earth which emerged from old Chaos before the garniture of trees and flowers, of rocks and running water, were added to the surface of our globe.

There is a tradition among the inhabitants that when their forefathers landed here from Salisbury, they found the island well covered with trees, but there are no vestiges of them remaining now. There are a few ornamental trees planted in the town, which appear to thrive well, but the land out of the town, which is still held in common and undivided, being used chiefly for the pasturage of sheep, is entirely destitute of a tree or a shrub. The herbage is very scant and poor, but the sheep thrive upon it, and make the finest mutton I have ever tasted.

—*Corres. N. Y. Mirror.*

From Chambers' Journal.

GUTTA PERCHA.

THERE are some substances in nature which appear expressly intended to fill a sphere of utility peculiar to themselves, and for which no substitutes, or virtually none, seem capable of being discovered. Caoutchouc was one of these, *gutta percha* is another. This substance is of recent introduction into England, having been first brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the autumn of 1843. The history of its discovery is thus given by Dr. Montgomerie:—"While at Singapore in 1842, I on one occasion observed, in the hands of a Malayan woodman, the handle of a *parang* made of a substance

which appeared quite new to me. My curiosity was excited, and on inquiry, I found it was made of the *gutta percha*, and that it could be moulded into any form, by simply dipping it in boiling water until it became heated throughout, when it became plastic as clay, and when cold, regained, unchanged, its original hardness and rigidity. I immediately possessed myself of the article, and desired the man to fetch me as much more of it as he could get. On making some experiments with it, I at once discovered that, if procurable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful." The discovery was communicated to the Medical Board of Calcutta, and subsequently to the Society of Arts in London, and the announcement met with immediate attention in both quarters. Orders for considerable quantities were transmitted, and the *gutta percha* trade, for such it has become, assumed a definite organization.

The tree from which it is procured is stated by Sir W. J. Hooker, to belong to the natural order *Sapotaceæ*. It is found in abundance in many places in the island of Singapore, and in some dense forests at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula. The discoverer having applied to the celebrated and enterprising Mr. Brook, requesting him to make inquiries for the tree at Sarawak, and on the west coast of Borneo, received the following communication from that gentleman:—"The tree is called *Niato* by the Sarawak people, but they are not acquainted with the properties of the sap; it attains a considerable size, even as large as six feet diameter; is plentiful in Sarawak, and most probably all over the island of Borneo." The tree is stated to be one of the largest in the forests in which it is found, frequently attaining to the diameter of three or four feet, and occasionally to that above mentioned. The timber is valueless for building purposes, on account of the loose and open character of its tissue; but the tree bears a fruit which yields a concrete oil, used for food by the natives. *Gutta percha* is contained in the sap, and is thus procured:—A magnificent tree of fifty, or perhaps one hundred years' growth, is felled; the bark is stripped off, and a milky juice, which exudes from the lacerated surfaces, is collected, and poured into a trough, formed by the hollow stem of the plantain leaf. On exposure to the air, the juice quickly coagulates. From twenty to thirty pounds is the average produce of one tree. This wasteful, sinful procedure, is adopted to a very large extent, as may be conceived from the amount of the *gutta* now imported reaching many hundreds of tons annually. The inevitable consequence of such an extravagant shortsightedness is not difficult to predict; and we may confidently expect, that if measures are not taken to remedy the evil, *gutta percha* will in time cease to form an article of commerce, and exist only as a rarity in the cabinets of the curious, or in the hands of the instrument-maker. There is every reason to believe, could this greedy spirit be restrained, that an abundant supply might be obtained by simply making incisions in the bark of the tree, as in the case of the caoutchouc trees, and thus a perennial supply would be insured.

Gutta percha comes to us in two forms; the one in which it is in thin films or scraps, something similar to clippings of white leather; the other is in rolls, which, on a cross section, show that they are formed by rolling the thin layers together in a soft state. When pure, the slips are transparent, and somewhat elastic, varying in color from a whitish-yellow to a pink. In the mass it is seldom free

from some impurities—such as sawdust, pieces of leaves, &c.—which must be removed before it is applicable for some of the more delicate uses proposed for the substance. It is purified by a process called “devilling,” or kneading, which is done in hot water; the water soon dissolves some of the foreign matters, and washes out others, until after a short time the gutta percha is left in a mass, ductile, soft, and plastic, of a whitish-gray color. Or this is more simply effected by dividing the substance into fragments, and then submitting them to a slightly-prolonged boiling in water. From the docile nature of the material, neither of these processes is attended with the difficulties attaching to the manipulation requisite for caoutchouc. Gutta percha thus prepared for use possesses very curious properties. Below the temperature of 50 degrees, it is as hard as wood, but it will receive an indentation from the finger nail. It is excessively tough, and only flexible in the condition of thin slips; in the mass, it has a good deal the appearance, and something of the feel, of horn; its texture is somewhat fibrous; and from the resistance it offers to anything rubbed across it, it appears it was first used as a substitute for horn for the handles of knives and choppers. By an increase of heat, it becomes more flexible, until, at a temperature considerably below the boiling point of water, the once rigid, tough, and obdurate mass becomes like so much softened beeswax. It is now easily cut and divided in any manner by a knife, and may be moulded into all varieties of form with the greatest ease; or may be cut and united again so perfectly, as scarcely to exhibit even the appearance of a joint, and possessing all the strength of an undivided mass. From a number of very small fragments it is quite easy to form a coherent mass, as firm as if no division had taken place. Whatever be the shape into which the gutta percha is now formed, it will retain precisely the same form as it cools, hardening again to its previous state of rigidity. A ball one inch in diameter was completely softened by boiling for ten minutes, and regained its hardness entirely in half an hour. It is an important fact, that these processes may be alternated any number of times without injury to the material. It is in a great measure devoid of elasticity, offering a striking contrast to caoutchouc, but its tenacity is little less than wonderful; a thin slip, an eighth of an inch substance, sustained a weight of forty-two pounds, and only broke with the pressure of fifty-six pounds. It offers great resistance to an extending power; but when drawn out, it remains without contracting in the same position. When in its hard state, it is cut with incredible difficulty by the knife or saw. Like caoutchouc, it burns brightly when lighted, disengaging the peculiar odor accompanying the combustion of that substance; like it, also, it is soluble with difficulty in ether and other caoutchouc solvents, but very readily in oil of turpentine.

We may now properly consider the applications of this substance. The solution appears to be as well adapted as that of India-rubber for the manufacture of water-proof cloth, and for the other purposes to which that liquid is now applied. In the solid state, it is in use among the Malays principally for the purpose before mentioned; and they adopt

it in preference to wood and horn, even where the latter is attainable. There are a number of cases also in which it appears likely to become an admirable substitute for leather, possessing, as it does, some properties in common with, and some vastly superior to, those of that material. Its value has been readily recognized by our inventors—no less than six patents being already in existence having reference to this material. In these it is proposed to apply gutta percha as an ingredient in mastics and cements; for the manufacture of a thread which is used to form piece goods, ribbons, paper, and other articles; as a substitute for caoutchouc in binding books; for water-proofing boots, shoes, and other articles of apparel; for the manufacture of flexible hose, tubes, bottles, &c. But the most comprehensive is the patent of Mr. Hancock, who has instituted a series of curious experiments upon this remarkable substance. He unites the gutta percha with caoutchouc and another substance called *jintawan*, by which an elastic material results, which is impervious to, and insoluble in, water. The hardness or elasticity of the compound is easily determined by the alteration of the amount of gutta percha; the latter is added in larger quantity if firmness is requisite, and *vice versa* if flexibility and elasticity are necessary. From this mixture a very curious substance, light, porous, and spongy, is prepared, suitable for stuffing or forming the seats of chairs, cushions, mattresses, &c.; it also forms springs for clocks, clasps, belts, garters, and string. By an alteration of the process, much hardness is acquired, and moulds and balls of the material are capable of being turned in a lathe, and otherwise treated like ivory. In this state it offers itself for a thousand other offices; thus it may be formed into excellent picture-frames, incredibly tough walking-sticks, door-handles, chess-men, sword and knife handles, buttons, combs, and flutes. It has also been proposed as a material for forming the embossed alphabets and maps for the blind, on account of the clear, sharp impression it is capable of receiving and retaining. It has been suggested that it would make a good, certainly a harmless, stopping for decayed teeth. It is also an excellent matrix for receiving the impression of medals and coins, and is valuable on account of its subsequent non-liability to break. By mixing a proper portion of sulphuric acid with it, or adding a portion of wax or tallow, it may be reduced to any degree of solubility, and furnishes a good varnish, quite impermeable to water. Mr. Hancock proposes such a fluid as valuable for amalgamating with colors in printing; it appears probable that this will form an extensive application of the discovery, and that colors so printed will prove as lasting as the fabrics on which they are impressed. Time alone, however, can determine the extent to which gutta percha will be applied in the useful and ornamental arts. There appears no doubt that it will soon become an article of commerce as important as, if not more so than, caoutchouc itself; and we believe that its persevering discoverer will have on many occasions, and for many years, to rejoice over the benefits he has been the means of conferring upon the present age by its introduction.

From Chambers' Journal.

A SEA-PIECE.

SKETCHED IN A PASSENGER'S LOG-BOOK.

THE ship "Maria," Captain Roberts, of Bristol, had for the last ten days kept good hold of the north-east trade-wind, steering "full and by," or large before it; a few points off her course, indeed, but going all the while not less than ten knots an hour. Scarcely a yard had been touched during that time, and the crew had been occupied chiefly with odds and ends about the rigging, mending sails, making spars; not more than one watch being generally on deck at once under the mild régime of Captain Roberts. By the time he thought fit to keep the ship away to westward, we had already run down almost into the latitude of the West Indies; but a fortnight's sail of longitude remained still to make. At breakfast-time the starboard braces were taken in, the yards slanted sharp across, and a course given for the helmsman to steer, instead of the wind itself, as a direction to him.

The Maria leant at first briskly over in the morning breeze, which rushed against her with a plash of deep-blue waves, one of which would every now and then wash up through the bulwarks, and trickle in several streams down her sloping white quarter-deck into the lee-scuppers. Every change at sea is welcome, and this itself produced a difference in the appearance of things more lively than can be appreciated by a mere landsman. Up above the weather-taffrail you only saw now a narrow line of azure waters, closed by the yellow tacks of the sails hauled fast into the bulwark; while to leeward, all was spread out, fresh and rolling, in so far as ropes and canvass allowed. To windward, on the level of the horizon, which wore a strong, steady gush of color from the breeze, could be perceived the faint shape of a large vessel, seen since daybreak; and when the ship rose on a wave, that distant speck seemed to grow clearer through a half-open port, which admitted the cool draught, with a keen blue glimpse of sea and air, over the muzzle of a carronade. Towards mid-day, however, the wind had not only shifted a little, but began to leave us; now and then the sails, which had so long remained asleep before its constant force, shivered one above another, as if with a sudden convulsion, and then filled out again. The ship was kept away another point; the quarter-deck awning, as usual, was spread; and much was it needed; for at noon, when the captain came up with his sextant to take his observation, the hot breaths of air between the last puffs of the breeze smacked most unequivocally of the line. The free, regular movement of the sea was falling gradually into longer and slower undulation, that proceeded not from the atmosphere, but from the ocean itself, and was evidently the fore-runner of a calm. Its color, changed from strong, sprinkly blue, to pure opal, or that tint called by painters ultra-marine, had insensibly become most beautiful; and lying in that dazzling, cloudless sky like a heaving image of it, reflected every ray of the perpendicular sun upon the bosom of a broad and glassy swell, that lifted us without ever breaking. I looked over the side to notice the good Maria's present speed, and calculated she did not make three and a half knots an hour, with allowance for the confusing motion of mingled swell and wave.

Notwithstanding all this tranquillity, the captain, who had accidentally consulted the barometer, or-

dered the crew "to get their dinner over as sharp as possible."

"Have you made that vessel out yet, sir?" continued he, taking up the telescope from under the capstan, and looking at the ship in the distance, which had grown more distinct.

"Nothing more," I said, "than her being a large three-master, with all sail set, and apparently before the wind."

Even as I spoke, the dim figure of the far-off ship came out into strange vividness, so as to be almost startling, as if a sudden gleam of the most intense light had fallen upon it. It was, however, the gradually deepened hue of the horizon, behind which had thus been expressed for a moment the number of her masts, and the very whiteness of her sails. The phenomenon became more striking, palpable, distinct; and then by degrees, as if a veil had been interposed, or she had sunk into a dusky film beyond, the ship ceased to be visible at all. On the place where she had disappeared—what a seaman would call the eye of the wind—there grew a dark-gray spot, that changed to indigo, and, like a leprous taint, was diffusing itself in the sky, and creeping along the horizon, till the whole sea-line to windward was of a deep livid black, relieved against a sullen neutral-tint, as if an unseen darkness were beneath. Still to leeward all was clear and bright, while the sun was hot as a furnace-breath overhead. All at once, again and again, the sails collapsed with a sound like the explosion of a carronade, and we were all aback, the vessel rolling helplessly on the long, smooth swell; and then they were as suddenly distended as before. The mate, who had been standing by the compass, now stepped to Captain Roberts, and mentioned that the ship would not steer her course. "Call the hands," was the reply. "All hands, there!" shouted the mate. "Square away the yards," said the captain; and in an instant all was pulling, hauling, and the creaking sound of the heavy yards swinging round in their iron pivots. I leant over the side, looking into the glassy blue water, which seemed to subside visibly to oily stillness, nothing being audible but the quick jerks and jolts of the almost useless wheel, by which the sailor under the round-house stood listlessly. A dim green form rose up out of the depths under my sight to the very ribs of the ship; and as I gazed down upon the hideous head of the monster, with its sharp back-fin actually clear of the surface, for the first time in many years I recognized a shark. The stillness and isolation, the breathless hush which pervaded the whole ship, with the hot, oppressive air, reminded me of the scene in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," which I had been reading lately, and I lifted my head, if only to verify my connection with human companions. I was at first surprised to see the sky and horizon before me again clear, and for an instant fancied that the threatened tropical thunder-storm had passed as suddenly as it came, leaving only a shadowy trace upon the sea. It needed but the next moment's reflection, while in the act of looking round, to convince me that the vessel had simply shifted her position unawares during my meditation; although to a landsman it is curious, for the first time, when in a calm he sees himself opposite, all on a sudden, to some object on the contrary side of the horizon. It is impossible in any other way to realize so much the feeling of total helplessness, of dependence upon the free winds of heaven, as when, thousands of miles from land, you watch the compass which the steersman has left, and perceive the

ship's headmark successively coincide with every point in the circle. The captain's voice, as it broke the silence, was absolutely startling.

"Man the fore and main clue-garnets; brail up the courses."

"Ay, ay, sir!" And this slight renewal of activity fell cheerfully in. As the two broad sheets of lower canvass rose gradually up to the yard, however, they revealed the whole livid background, towards which the ship's head, with its white bowsprit and flapping stay-sails, was now directed. The short interval had served to extend it already into a huge bank of sullen vapor, that concentrated to cloud, obliterating the division of sea and sky, and seeming to steal near rather by the deepening of its gloom, and the spreading of its crescent-wings, than by actual motion. The brassy glare which smote upon its western edge from the sun gave to the sight a still and terrible beauty, out of which, next instant, one expected to see the lightning dazzle forth, and to have his hearing confounded by some insufferable trumpet-blast of thunder. Underneath and round, the whole ocean, so lately of the keenest blue, lay leaden-colored and dull; heaving, as it were, from the other horizon into the obscure bosom of the thunder-cloud, with one long, faint, noiseless undulation, upon which a cork would not have dipped. The continued clearness of the opposite sky rendered it more striking; but what was most impressive about the scene, was the contrast presented by the occasional clank of the rudder-chains, and jerk of the wheel, to that utter stillness of the great spreading exhalation, surcharged with thunder, light, and rain, if not with tempest.

"Let go the royal and to-gallant halliards," cried Captain Roberts; "and you, boys, lay aloft and furl them. On deck there, stand by the top-sail halliards. I expect we shall have more water than wind just now," continued the captain, as he came aft to me under the round-house. For half an hour little more was said indeed—all standing at their posts, in no mood for conversation, which at sea people seldom are when anything important is in suspense. Meanwhile the gloom deepened, and the vast thunder-cloud appeared to climb, with its palpable top, up the vault of heaven, till it hung overhead, and projected far behind us. A muttering growl ran round at intervals in the distance, and the sea was calm as glass, and pale by contrast. At last there shot forth, as if from an abyss of darkness, one forked, dazzling, zig-zag flash, with which the very bosom of the cloud seemed for a moment to grow luridly transparent; and sails and masts appeared to quiver together at the explosion which burst above, like the breaking up of the firmament. Still all was hot, breathless, and without wind; the deck like heated iron, the pitch-seams sticking to the feet, and the vessel slowly making the circuit of her compass with the horizon, one side of which still lay hard and livid against a cloudless atmosphere. Flash followed flash, peal succeeded peal; and once a meteor-like ball of light appeared to crown the main sky-sail mast-head, and to play along the royal yard. At every flash one could see the faces of the men standing in groups, motionless and rigid, by the ropes where they had been stationed. Suddenly, from the edge of the cloud above us, with the hiss of a thousand cataracts, and a feeling as if the vessel were at once submerged, there descended a sheet of rain so unbroken, so compact, that for the instant one gasped for breath. From side to side the whole ocean was one white, confused mass, ploughed up by the falling torrent,

and faintly luminous as the fresh water mingled with the salt element, whose lazy, sullen swell meanwhile rose higher, in spite of the absolute calm. The deck itself was in a minute's space knee-deep with water, over and above what the scupper-holes could discharge; and at every slight roll of the vessel, ropes, buckets, and other incumbrances were washed about one's legs. For a whole hour did this uncomfortable state of things continue; the rain finally lessening, the gloom passing to leeward, and the sudden swell subsiding, till the sea lay even more dead-smooth and glassy than before, and the saturated canvass began to steam up under the heat. In the quarter whence the thunder-storm had come, was now spread a heavy blue haze, which, as it darkened, seemed to promise something more. This time, however, it was the wind. From under the foot of the ominous veil there moved towards us first a line of deep indigo, then a keen, kindling streak of white, that lengthened as it came, like dust beneath the wheels of innumerable chariots, accompanied by a far-off murmuring hum. A light puff blew the three tall topsails aback for a moment, and then as suddenly left them hanging vertically; and the yards were hauled a little round to meet it. Still all was calm near at hand, the rudder not even jerking, when all at once the smooth sea swelled up beside us, of an inky blackness, as if it would rise over the bulwarks, and swamp us bodily. As suddenly, responsive to the element beneath, the gallant little Maria rose high upon the huge unbroken undulation; and then, with a howl of fury, the squall caught her.

"Port, port!" shouted the captain; "down with the helm!" and it was as much as the grizzled old seaman beside it could do, assisted by the mate, to grind round the wheel and meet the wind, as the ship unexpectedly found steerage way, and her head-sails payed her off. She leant over with her larboard gunwale under water, and the yard-arms almost seeming to touch the wave-tops as they rose; while the force of the blast gave her scarcely time to rise, burying her head every now and then in a dark-green sea, that washed aft to where we stood. For the first few minutes all was confusion; ropes thrown down, the crew shouting as they hauled, and scrambling as well as they could into the weather-rigging to reef topsails. The whole scene, although fearful, was most spirit-stirring. I stood holding on by a backstay to windward, at peril of being drenched even on the quarter-deck, as the man at the wheel luffed a little to take the wind out of the sails for the reefers. It was thrilling to look up and see the men creep down to leeward on the yard, and push out the foot-rope as they leant to handle the belling canvass, stiffened with wind and rain; their blue and red shirts relieved against the wild, desolate sky, which had lately been shut out by the broad sails; and the half-seen faces of the old hard-a-weather sailors at the earings, looking white with stern, rude energy, as they turned them round. Behind there was nothing but a rising outline of tumultuous water, indigo-colored, and a thick, white mist beyond, from which the vessel fled, amidst the steady roar of the tempest, into the darkness that had left her in its rear. Cheerily, however, went the three diminished topsails up to their stretch; and the Maria, when kept away from the wind again, climbed the huge waves more easily, shaking the sea from her bows like a fishing-coble in a breeze.

Soon after this, the appearance of the weather

had altered for the better. The wind had moderated to a breeze, and the reefs were shaken out of the topsails, and top-gallant sails set again, although there was still a heavy sea on. The Maria was now close to the wind, and leant steadily over as she ploughed the dark waves, while now and then over her weather-bows there burst a white cloud of spray. She was running right on into the yellow light of sunset, which was visible low down between the troughs of the sea, and behind the blue line of the horizon as her white bowsprit lifted. In place of the late dark cloud to windward, lay a hazy bank of gray vapor, whose eastern wing slowly crept into the clear azure space of sky beyond. When we rose at intervals, I fancied I could discern on that open horizon to eastward the dim figure of a vessel in the distance—apparently the Indiaman we had seen before the squall. Suddenly I perceived a keen point of silvery light kindle in the very centre of the spot, and the form of the ship seemed to be defined by it. Taken together with her appearance in the daytime before the squall, it at first recalled to me the legends of the "Phantom Ship" and the "Flying Dutchman," which are current amongst sailors. The idea then occurred to me that the vessel was on fire, and I remarked it to Captain Roberts. Next time we rose, however, my mistake was discovered by the beautiful phenomenon before us. The large bright circle of the rising moon was half extended around the far-off ship, and a faint tract of light trembled across the distant waters; along which she seemed to be pursuing her way into an arch of silver radiance, the gate to some other world. Next time, the round disk was just clearing the horizon, and appeared about to lift the ship with it, as on a shield, into the upper air. Then at last the moon ascended the sky; and like one too late, the ship was holding on alone to the darkened verge: while upon the green wave-tops near us there gradually fell a broken lustre, and hour after hour the Maria pursued her westward course, followed by the glance of that large, full, and glorious planet, such as she is never seen in the cold northern climes.

GUERRILLA WAR IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican correspondence of the Missouri Republican, though its news is not always quite as late as what we receive through other channels, is usually very instructive in particulars which we do not receive so intelligibly and accurately in any other way. Such is the character of the following extracts from that correspondence, giving us a clearer and more distinct idea of the harassing nature of the war upon detachments and transportation trains of our army in Mexico than anything else that we have read:—*National Intelligencer*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MISSOURI REPUBLICAN.

JALAPA, (MEXICO,) June 17, 1847.

This is the last letter I shall write you from this place, and I pen this without knowing how or when I shall be able to give it a direction that will ensure its ever reaching even the Gulf coast. On the morning of the 15th instant a train of about three hundred wagons, principally loaded with ammunition, succeeded in reaching this place. They were *fourteen days* coming from Vera Cruz, a distance of seventy miles, having been attacked by the guerillas twelve miles out from Vera Cruz, and skirmishing from that point to the hacienda Encerro kept up during the whole way. The principal ob-

ject of attack was the large amount of specie in the train—between three and four hundred thousand dollars—which had drawn together between fifteen hundred and two thousand guerillas. They were principally commanded by three priests (Spanish Carlists) who had been banished from their own country for their ferocity, their fanaticism, and bigotry. They gave us a great deal of trouble, and succeeded, during the entire route, in killing and wounding between forty and fifty of our men. We lost also about thirty public wagons, a number of horses and mules, and a great deal of subsistence that was thrown from the wagons with a view of lightening the loads. Our loss in property, trifling as it is—and especially when compared to the loss of men—is of course greatly magnified by the enemy, and the report is industriously circulated by them, throughout the entire country, that they have captured half of the train and killed half of the escort.

The train left Vera Cruz with an escort of about five hundred men under Col. McIntosh. An express was sent to Vera Cruz, informing Col. Wilson, in command of that post, of the number of guerillas that were annoying the escort, and of the danger that surrounded the train. General Cadwalader, with what men he had there, immediately left to reinforce them, and reached them a short distance the other side of the National Bridge. So soon as he took command something like order and system was restored, where before nothing but confusion and alarm prevailed; and although constantly attacked by the guerillas from their ambush, he had but little trouble, comparatively speaking, or met with but little loss, after leaving the National Bridge. At the National Bridge the enemy made a regular stand, availing himself of the fort and breastworks upon the heights and sides of the hills that had been thrown up with a view of intercepting Gen. Scott in his march upon Jalapa. Here the heaviest of our loss in men occurred, and here the most obstinate attack was made upon the train by the guerillas. To the prudence and military skill and experience of Gen. Cadwalader is solely to be attributed the rout of the enemy, and the preservation of the train, specie, mail, &c.

On the 8th instant a party of citizens, with a number of discharged officers and the wounded men of the 4th Illinois regiment, left here, taking with them some five or six wagons, in one of which was contained a large and important mail. So soon as the news reached us of the number of guerillas, and the obstinacy of their attack upon the upward train, the greatest solicitude was felt for the company of between one and two hundred men who had left here for Vera Cruz. They were at best but poorly armed, and were without any organization whatever. In the event of attack, all here concluded that the brave wounded Illinoisians, and their attendants, would be abandoned, and that the whole would have their throats cut by the merciless and blood-thirsty guerillas. At the National Bridge they were attacked, and lost five of their number, the greater portion preferring trusting to the speed of their horses rather than the prowess of their arms. Most fortunate was it for them that Gen. Cadwalader happened in their vicinity at the time with his command; but for that not one would have been left to tell the fate of the rest. The general most kindly detached a company of cavalry, under Captain Duperu, to protect them from further attack, and the whole succeeded in reaching Vera Cruz in safety.

The above incidents will give you some little idea of the state of the road between this and Vera Cruz, and of the immense hazard a man runs, even in a large body, of losing his life in attempting to reach the sea-coast. Gen. Scott is in a far more precarious situation than ever Gen. Taylor was in at Buena Vista; and if he succeeds in cutting his way through with the small number of men he has to the city of Mexico, and holding his position, the battles of Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo will sink into utter insignificance compared with such an achievement.

An express reached Colonel Childs from the general-in-chief night before last, placing him on his guard against a contemplated attack on the part of the enemy upon the train, between this and Perote and Perote and Puebla. Gen. Bravo had been thrown upon the road, by Santa Anna, with a force of three thousand men, a portion of whom are cavalry, sent from the city of Mexico. General Scott also wrote that he was now satisfied we should have one of the severest and most obstinate battles this side of the capital of the republic that had yet been fought in Mexico; and he was waiting with the most anxious solicitude to hear of the arrival of more troops at Vera Cruz, and of their being on their march to reinforce him.

To-day this post is to be evacuated, and our troops take up their line of march for the advance of the army. Col. Childs, with the garrison, leaves this morning at ten o'clock, and in the afternoon, or very early to-morrow morning, Gen. Cadwalader leaves with his command. The aggregate of the strength of the two commands will not exceed twenty-two hundred men, and the number of pieces of artillery we shall take along is six. With this strength and *matériel* we expect to fight ourselves through, let the number of guerillas be what they may. The strongest point of attack is a pass in the Perote mountains, about a day's march from here, which is said, by those acquainted with the topography of the country, to be equally as formidable a position for the enemy as was that of Cerro Gordo. The *present* object of the guerillas is more to secure the large amount of money and the ammunition we have along than to capture or destroy the force that is protecting it. The "*hope of reward*" has induced a large number to join the guerillas, who but for the money never would have risked their necks, even in a skirmish. When I reach Perote I will again write you, though it will be without any assurance that the letter will get off for weeks to come. It is bad enough to be so hemmed in in an enemy's country as scarcely to be able to leave the garrison of a post with safety; but to have your line of communication entirely cut off, and the means of communicating with your friends and your country, even by letter, successfully checked, is insupportable.

PEROTE, (MEXICO.) June 22, 1847.

Yesterday, about noon, the entire force that was at Jalapa succeeded in reaching here in safety, and without any loss whatever to the train. The march was conducted under the immediate command of Brigadier General Cadwalader, who, although slow in his movements, is generally sure and safe. We were parts of four days in making a distance of thirty-five miles, owing to the unwieldiness of the train and the annoyance the guerillas gave us. They had posted themselves along the heights of the La Hoya for nearly two miles, and were about a thousand strong. The pass of the La Hoya is

much longer than that of the Cerro Gordo, though not so formidable in my judgment; and, in the hands of anything like a warlike people, it would have been very difficult to have got the train through without immense loss.

On the 20th we encountered the guerillas, and after some six hours' skirmishing, in which we took eighteen prisoners, and killed between seventy and eighty of them, they were completely and effectually routed. We threw out, in the first instance, large flanking parties, and then scaled every height both with our infantry and cavalry. Two caves were discovered by the first artillery, in which were stowed large quantities of provisions, some ammunition, and a few fire-arms. Among the former were American hams, sugar, and hard bread. After occupying the heights with our forces, so as to effectually command the pass its entire distance, the train was passed through and halted at the village of Las Vigas, a short distance this side of the La Hoya. The evening previous to our attempting to force our way through the pass in the mountains, Col. Wynkoop, who is in command at this place and the castle of Perote, hearing of the number of the enemy that had posted themselves at La Hoya with a view of cutting off the train, left at eight o'clock in the evening with the greater part of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment and Capt. Walker's company of mounted riflemen. They were engaged with the guerillas, on this side of the pass, from eleven o'clock that night up to the time we got through the next morning, and did most excellent service. They drove the enemy for several miles back from the road, and burnt every rancho in their route, *leaving desolate the whole country over which they passed.* On our reaching Las Vigas, a pretty and flourishing little town, it was found that the dwellings were entirely deserted by the Mexicans, and it was satisfactorily ascertained that they had identified themselves with the guerillas. With the consent of the commanding general the torch was applied to the buildings, and in a few moments the entire town was one universal scene of conflagration. *Every building in it, numbering between eighty and one hundred, was destroyed by fire*—the only one that was spared being the neat little Catholic church that adorned the town. Its solitary appearance among the smouldering ruins of the town created sensations better imagined than described; and the example set in this instance, it is greatly to be hoped, will have the effect of restraining the enemy in future in their murderous course of warfare. Our loss was, comparatively speaking, nothing.

On reaching here Gen. Cadwalader was met by an express from Gen. Scott, desiring him not to advance with the train, except in conjunction with Col. Childs' command, and the force that was to go forward from this post, as a large body of cavalry, between two and three thousand strong, with a small field battery, under the command of Generals Bravo and Alvarez, had posted themselves between this and Puebla, more with a view of securing a part of the train than in any expectation of doing much injury to our forces. We shall, therefore, have another brush with these gentlemen robbers before we reach the advance of the army; but as the country is generally a plain, we can have a fair chance at them, and cut them up more effectually than was done at La Hoya. From here we take six companies of the first Pennsylvania regiment, under Col. Black, in addition to our force that we left Jalapa with; and the train will be materially less-

sened, in consequence of the number of wagons we leave here, that brought forward the sick and some subsistence designed for this post. The sick alone required nearly forty wagons, all of which are to remain here.

Colonel Wynkoop, with four companies of the 1st Pennsylvania regiment, Capt. Taylor's battery, and Capt. Walker's company of mounted riflemen, remain to garrison the castle of Perote and this town; which, considering that it is the principal hospital and the depot of subsistence between the advance of the army and Vera Cruz, is certainly a very small force. But there is no other alternative, if Gen. Scott is ever to get to Mexico, so slow are the reinforcements in reaching him. In addition to the force now going forward under Gen. Cadwalader, it is expected that about two thousand more are now on their march from Vera Cruz to Puebla. If they arrive within four or five days after we do, they will be in time for the *big battle* that is to be fought this side of the city of Mexico.

Among the eighteen prisoners taken by us on the 20th instant at La Hoya were two Germans, deserters from our army. There are four others among the guerillas that I regret we could not have secured. The doom of the two captured will be that of a traitor's death.

I was in hopes we should have left here to-day, but, in consequence of the insufficiency of the quartermaster's department, we shall not get off before to-morrow, if we do then. We ought to get through to Puebla in five days, and flog all the Mexican forces besides, that are between this and the advance of the army; yet if we do not move with more rapidity than we did from Jalapa here, it will take us from eight to ten days.

The castle of Perote, next to that of San Juan de Ulloa, is the strongest fortification in Mexico. It is, however, in a most filthy condition, and the sick are dying out of the hospitals in large numbers daily. Disease is making far greater havoc among our forces than is the enemy. Perote is a most miserable little place, even for Mexico, though the country that surrounds it is picturesque and grand in the extreme. The valley of Perote is a very fertile soil, and the fields of corn, barley, and wheat are immensely extensive. Upon the whole, it is more generally cultivated than any other section of Mexico for the same extent over which I have passed.

From Chambers' Journal.

THIEF-MAKING AND THIEF-TAKING.

THE frequent publication of prison reports and criminal statistics of late years, has led many persons to imagine that crime is greatly on the increase. But the number of misdemeanors and offences now every day recorded by the public press, is to be attributed rather to more efficient police arrangements than to any deterioration of private or public morals. A glance at the history of crime in London will serve as an instructive illustration of this fact. During the past, and even in the present century, the bringing of criminals to justice was a trade in which any one might engage; and petty crimes were regarded as unprofitable stock—not worth the trouble of trial and conviction, and as necessary evils in a crowded community. Offences against the person were then much more frequent than in the present day, and acts of violence were often committed with impunity. It was unsafe to travel the roads in the vicinity of the metropolis after nightfall; even in the most crowded thorough-

fares, persons were knocked down and robbed. According to Mr. Colquhoun, a magistrate who published a work on the Metropolitan Police in 1797, there were at that time 115,000 persons "who were supposed to support themselves in and near the metropolis by pursuits either criminal, illegal, or immoral." The chief causes by which the ranks of this army of depredators were recruited he considered to consist in the large number (3000) of houses for the reception of stolen property, and of low taverns. The latter, he says, were the rendezvous of thieves: in the tap-rooms, men, women, and children might be seen crowded together; while the landlords, in too many instances, were either the leaders, or in the pay of gangs of thieves. The value of the property annually plundered he estimates at £2,100,000; adding, that no improvement could be expected, as the "watchman and patrols were comparatively of little use, from their age, infirmity, inattention, or corrupt practices."

By the authority of various acts of parliament then in force, the reward for the conviction of an offender was then fixed at £40; the consequence was, that those who made a trade of catching thieves took no pains to capture a criminal while he was graduating through the minor degrees of crime, and brought him to trial only when he had committed an offence which, in their phraseology, "made him worth £40." Mr. Colquhoun gives a tabular statement of 1088 individuals brought before the London magistrates in one year, comprising eight sessions, 1790-91. "The melancholy catalogue," he tells us, "does not contain an account of above one tenth part of the offences which are actually committed!" Out of the 1088 offenders, 711 were discharged as not worth the risk and trouble of prosecution. To this statement we may append the returns for 1841: in that year, with a population double that of the former period, the number of convictions was 2625.

But if we go back to the commencement of the century—the era of Jonathan Wild and his confederates—we find a still worse state of things. Human life then seemed to possess but little value in the estimation of the dispensers of the law or of those who lived in defiance of the law. Wild, as is well known, traded in blood, and sold his victims to the gallows with a ferocious effrontery that finds no parallel in modern times. Perjury was resorted to on all occasions, either to save a friend, or ruin an enemy, as circumstances required; and there is too much reason to believe that those in authority winked at the audacious evasion of justice. The execution of the notorious thief-taker in 1725 had the effect, for a short time, of putting an end to the nefarious system which he had so long successfully practised. During his trial, Sir William Thompson, the recorder, told him that when the act was framed under which he was indicted, he had him (Wild) in mind, and knew he would one day be caught by it: a remark which savors strongly of the coarse feeling of the times.

The numerous rewards, however, for the apprehension of offenders, sanctioned by the legislature as the best means of protecting person and property, were too strong a temptation to be resisted by the vicious and evil disposed. Before ten years were over, a gang of heartless wretches were again swearing away men's lives, sharing the reward as prize-money amongst themselves, and every time they received a payment, holding what they called a *blood feast*. It is difficult to believe in the reality of such atrocities; but the murders committed by

Burke and Hare within the past twenty years, and the recent instances of parents poisoning their own children at Stockport, to obtain the burial-fees, prove how much the natural feelings may become perverted when deprived of efficient moral control. At the period in question—about the middle of the last century—the scheme was so artfully contrived, as for a long time to defy detection. Evidence of the kind to secure conviction was never lacking. Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have been acquainted with similar miscreants and their proceedings, for they make one of their characters, Bartolus, describe—

"Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,

That will swear anything.

Be sure of witnesses;

Though they cost money, want no store of witnesses;

I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost, sir,
So beastly cast away for want of witnesses."

At length, in 1755, the villanous transactions of the gang were brought to a close by the persevering exertions of Mr. Joseph Cox, constable of Blackheath hundred, who the following year published a narrative of the proceedings, in which he says:—"The wicked and diabolical practice of thief-making and thief-taking, and of convicting poor friendless lads who never were thieves at all," was introduced about twenty years before, and had increased in consequence of the rewards for the suppression of robberies.

The confederates in this case consisted of five or six men and one woman, under a leader named Macdaniel. At first their practice was to swear a robbery against any individuals with whose names they chanced to be acquainted, and press for a conviction, in spite of the accused party's asseverations that he had never been near the spot. This villany, however, having been detected in one or two instances, they adopted means afterwards to entice their victims to the scene of the pretended robbery. Sometimes they attended the Old Bailey sessions, and "marked" such prisoners as they thought likely to suit their purpose, observing that, "they would be sure of him again in a sessions or two." At other times, one of the party would accost three or four lads whose habits and character were such as to give color to the charge, and after treating them to drink, invite them to take a walk, which he always contrived should be towards the locality already fixed on for a robbery. In the course of the day or evening, the lads were taken to a notorious tavern in Black Boy Alley, or to some lodging-house known to be frequented by thieves, where, at a preconcerted hour, the thief-takers came and apprehended the whole party. When before the magistrate, the confederates contrived to have their man admitted evidence, and scarcely ever failed of obtaining a conviction at the next sessions, with the reward of £30 or £40 for each conviction.

Another plan of which these villains availed themselves for carrying on their designs with greater impunity, was to hire a room, and after placing in it a few articles of furniture or merchandise, entrap some unsuspecting victim into the robbing of it. Or they advertised the stoppage of stolen goods, with full description, which left the advertiser free from suspicion. The latter scheme, however, was only put in practice a day or two before the assizes, that the friends of the accused might be prevented, by want of time, from exposing the treachery. But

the chances of discovery were braved; the fellows never hesitated to swear anything to carry their point; the real residence of the "decoy-duck" was scrupulously concealed; but if by any chance he was arrested, the prosecutor swore he was not the thief. "As for what the poor creatures themselves said," writes Mr. Cox, "it stood for nothing, although they loudly declared their innocence, and with their dying breath would acknowledge they ought to die for the sins of an ill-spent life, but protested their being innocent of the fact for which they suffered."

The ranks of the thief-takers, it is said, were continually recruited from the criminals annually discharged from Newgate, where they had received an apt education. In most cases the magistrates refused to hear informations against them, and the attempt to press these informations was exceedingly dangerous. In one year, 1749, they divided the enormous sum of £6,300, which had been paid to them for convictions in the county of Middlesex. If the robbery were laid in an adjoining county, the reward was greater; and we read of eight convictions producing £1,120. It is not surprising that the villains were unwilling to abandon so profitable a trade, one to which they were encouraged by short-sighted legislation. In some instances, however, their prey escaped them. One of the gang meeting Lyon Alexander, inquired if he wished to earn a shilling; the youth assented, and on going to the house indicated for a bundle, was shown into a room, where half a dozen men began to maltreat him. They dragged him through the streets to Wapping, bruising his fingers with their sticks whenever he attempted to cling to the railings; and crossing the river to Greenwich, gave him in charge to the constable for highway robbery. The lad was committed to Maidstone jail, where he found another youth accused by the same gang; and the assizes not coming on for a week, they wrote to their friends, who fortunately were able to employ a counsel, on which the prosecution was abandoned. On another occasion, two youths, one of them not more than thirteen, were saved by the exertions of the foreman of the jury. Although unable to secure their acquittal, he suspected the falsehood of the charge, and by an appeal to the proper authorities, obtained a pardon; and the confederates, who had cunning enough to deceive the court, jury, and nearly all concerned, were disappointed of their booty.

The manner in which these villains were at last effectually exposed is worthy of record. A robbery was planned to take place at New Cross, near Greenwich, so as to insure the increased reward on conviction beyond the limit of Middlesex. Salmon, one of the gang, after drinking with two young men of indifferent character, persuaded them to bear him company in his walk down the Old Kent road. Towards midnight he loitered behind, when Blee and Gahagan, two others of the gang, came up and robbed him of two pairs of leathern breeches, which he carried under his arm, with a tobacco box, and some other trifling articles. The thieves went off immediately to the rendezvous, where they were soon after followed by Salmon and his two unsuspecting companions. After further drinking, part of the stolen property was secreted on the persons of these two, when Macdaniel appeared and arrested them on a charge of highway robbery preferred by Salmon. Mr. Cox's suspicions were first excited on learning that Macdaniel was well acquainted with Blee, who, although included in the charge, was yet at liberty. He therefore, with most praise-

worthy perseverance, made a point of arresting Blee, the decoy-duck, unknown to Macdaniel, the mock prosecutor. The decoy immediately made an open confession, on which warrants were issued for the arrest of the chief confederates, to be served as soon as they had given their evidence on the trial of the two men at Maidstone. The apprehension of Blee was kept a profound secret; and the shortness of the interval before the assizes proved fatal to the party, who, with their usual confidence, went down into Kent to attend the trial. On descending from the witness-box after giving evidence, each one was quietly secured and handcuffed, though not without risk, as Macdaniel always went armed. Salmon was immediately committed for contriving his own robbery; and the other three, in spite of the leader's subterfuges, as accessories and abettors. It was, however, found, that through some defect in the law, they could not be tried on the capital charge. The case was argued during several days before the twelve judges, which ended in an indictment for conspiracy, by order of the lords of the treasury. The four criminals were soon after brought to trial, and condemned to imprisonment in Newgate for seven years, and to be set twice in the pillory. On their first public appearance, they were with difficulty saved from the fury of the mob. Gahagan was struck dead by a missile hurled from the crowd; and had it not been for the sheriffs, not one would have escaped popular vengeance.

Eventually the woman, Mary Jones, came in for her share of the punishment. A poor wretch named Kidden had been tried and convicted on her accusation of robbing her on the highway between Tottenham and London. Notwithstanding the prisoner's protestations of innocence, and the appeals of his friends to the secretary of state, he was condemned to be hanged. Some passages in the letters he wrote, while waiting for execution, mark the harsh treatment of prisoners at that period. In one, he informs his sister that he has no fire; and though black and blue with lying on the floor, is to be double-ironed. In another, he thanks her for sixpence, which she sent him, "for," he adds, "we have nothing allowed us but one penny loaf a-day." Blee afterwards confessed that Kidden was entirely innocent, and Mary Jones was committed to Newgate for wilful murder; on which Mr. Cox concludes, "I could not entertain the thoughts of relinquishing the pursuit, till I found these monsters fixed in those dreadful apartments appointed for the reception of the delinquents in the shedding of blood—the destroyers of the repose and tranquillity of the human race."

An attempt to revive the blood-money system appears to have been made about the year 1816; but its promoters—Vaughan, a police officer, with some others—were sentenced to five years' imprisonment in Newgate; to what extent they had carried it was never known. Since that period, as far as we can learn, it has not reappeared; and any efforts to put it in practice at the present time would certainly fail of success. We could wish, for the sake of humanity, that the annals of crime were not made blacker by such fearful records; and though such deeds may not be committed now, places still exist in London, where individuals may be hired to perjure themselves—to swear to anything for a consideration. Such blots can only be removed from our social condition by a true education—which, while informing the mind, improves and regulates the moral feelings.

From Chambers' Journal.

GRANDMOTHER HOOK.

A FEW evenings ago, I was at one of those old-world houses in Edinburgh where a man may actually invite himself to tea, and, without being stared at as a curiosity, take his place in a circle round a round table, dominated by a steaming urn. I would describe this tea-drinking as a relic of the olden time; but just now I have something else to do. Suffice it, that besides myself, there were at table an old maid, a young maid, the father and mother of the latter, and a gentleman-like man somewhere on the wrong side of forty. This man was the lion of the party, and performed wonderfully well. He was not like the caged animal, strutting up and down to show his paces, and growling, grinning, or yawning at the spectators; but resembled rather the free denizen of the forest, leaping and romping by turns, dignified or playful as occasion called; now making the room ring with his voice, and now "roaring you 'an 'twere any nightingale." In short, I was prepared to like the man very much; and seeing likewise that he was unusually good-looking for a male animal, you may imagine that I was not a little startled to hear that he had very recently been made a Benedict, and, strange to say, with a lady recognized under the appellation of Grandmother Hook!

The company, however, made themselves very merry with the poor gentleman's calamity; and the old maid especially was never weary of asking questions, seeming to derive a certain savage comfort from the idea of a lady getting married in her very grandmotherhood. The gentleman was at first a little embarrassed; but his tormentors being his near relations, it was necessary to answer; and at length, making up his mind to what could not be avoided, he pulled a desperately grave face, and began to tell them "all about it."

"You may wonder," said he, "that at my mature years I had fallen so completely into my uncle's power as to give him the almost absolute disposal of my hand; but such was the fact. I was brought up, you know, to the very worst thing under the sun—expectations; and, consequently, I was good for nothing else but to keep on expecting. I spent many years as a walking gentleman of society in London, and many more in wandering to and fro upon the continent; but at length, when actually within hail of forty, I found myself once more with my legs under the mahogany of the Athenæum, and with nothing to pay for the good things above it but what came out of the pockets of a tough, and somewhat peremptory old man."

"He had never before insisted upon my marrying; but the reason was, that he had remained in constant expectation of the occurrence taking place through my own connivance. Indeed, it had been his business for many years to interpose gently between me and the catastrophe; suggesting now that I did not know enough of the lady, and again that I knew too much; and so forth. The fact is, I had never been without expectations of that sort; always voluntarily abandoned, till my first crop of gray hairs appeared. After this, the difficulty was on the side of the lady; and I was at length so much disgusted by the unreasonableness of the sex, that I determined to live and die a bachelor. Just at this moment I received a letter from my uncle, which I can repeat from memory, as it was short, and to the purpose. 'DEAR NEPHEW—I am glad

to hear of what you call the vacancy in your heart, as you will thus have no difficulty in fulfilling my wishes, and obeying my solemn injunctions. You have promised several times to marry, and you *must* now do so. I never interfered with your choice, and you are not to interfere with mine. The widow and heiress of my old comrade Hook is in the market. Our estates run into each other in such a way, that you might comprise them both in the same ring fence. She is a healthy woman, and not too young; and the arrangement is, that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy you."

"If she could fancy me! The widow of old Hook! and a healthy woman indeed! That touch was horrible. I thought my uncle must have intended it to try the extent of my loyalty; and I do not know that I had ever a fit of more bitter reflection than while conjuring up the idea it conveyed." Here the lion paused, and wiped his forehead. The old maid bridled and tossed her head, as much as to say that, in her opinion, the like of him was not so mighty a catch for ladies beyond their girlhood; while the young maid trusted, sympathizingly, that as aged men have sometimes youthful wives, the case might not have turned out so very dreadful after all.

"That," said the gentleman, "did not fail to occur to me, and it gave me considerable comfort; for owing, I suppose, to the idle life I had led, I had not yet got rid of the ideas of romance that are so unfit for mature years like mine. It was one thing to indulge my despair in old bachelorhood, and quite another to carry my broken heart into the domestic society of an old woman. I confess I did hope that Mrs. Hook owed her good condition at least to some lingering remains of youth; but a second letter from my uncle, in reply to my remonstrances, dissipated at once the fond illusion, by informing me that the widow's family could be no possible objection, her only daughter being well married!"

"There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditations from the lady to the estate; and if I thought of the ring at all, to fancy it within a ring fence. But the affair could not be slept over any longer; and I set out for my uncle's seat, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans. In due time I arrived at the little town of Enderley, distant only a few miles from my destination. And here——"

"Never mind the little town!" interrupted the old maid. "Come to the seat at once, and let us hear about the introduction, and how the lady looked."

"Healthy, I hope!" said the young maid with a sneer, fixing eyes of beautiful contempt upon the lion.

"Ladies," said the gentleman in a tone of depression, "it is natural that I should wish to linger for a moment at this crisis of my fate; and besides, it was at Enderley I heard—and with cruel suddenness—of a circumstance connected with my intended, which made me at first determine to rush back to London, and, if necessary, take to street-sweeping, authorship, or any other desperate resource, rather than marry that Mrs. Hook. I was passing a half-open door in the hotel, when I heard a female voice addressing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising generation. 'It shall go,' said the voice, 'and so it shall, to its own gran—granny—grannyma; to its own—own—own—grannyma; that it shall, so it shall—

wont it, I wonder?—to its own—Grannyma Hook!' Only think, my dearest ladies, what my feelings must have been, on thus learning (and the fact was confirmed the next minute by the landlord, in reply to my hurried questions) that my intended, old, and healthy bride was an absolute grandmother—Grandmother Hook!"

"I intended to have gone on at once to my uncle's place, but that was now impossible. My agitated mind demanded repose. A night's reflections were necessary to arm me with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace; and engaging a bed at the inn, I went out to walk in the neighboring wood. The locality was not chosen without a motive; for I knew that from the summit of a low hill, at a mile's distance, I should obtain a view of Enderley Court; and I felt that if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widow, it would be the spectacle of her castellated mansion, seated in a park, which is a very paradise of beauty."

"There is a strange sympathy," continued the lion musingly, "between the soul of man and the aspect of nature. It would seem as if the waving line of beauty, described by hill and valley, embraced in its folds, and endowed with its charms, the possessor of the enchanted spot; as if the melody of woods and waters mingled with the mortal voice that owned them; as if the peeps of sky caught through embowering trees flung an azure glory upon the eyes to which the timber belonged!"

"Beautiful! beautiful!" broke in the mother for the first time; "and as true as it is beautiful! Jemima, my love, that is philosophy." Jemima looked coldly and distrustfully at her parent, but remained silent; and the old maid, who was obviously interested in Mrs. Hook, remarked in a tone of soliloquy, that she was sure we should find her turn out to be a respectable and interesting woman.

"That was just my idea," remarked the worshipper of nature, when he had cooled down. "Every step I advanced reconciled me more and more to the old lady; and when I saw the glancing of a trout stream through the trees, I thought even of a hook without disgust. But just at this moment a sound broke upon my senses which disturbed me with recent and disagreeable associations; it was the squeal of a young child, and whisked off my thoughts at once to a hale, hearty, long-living grandmotherhood. Visions of canes and snuff-boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ear, and, worse than all, the glances of matrimonial love from the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood. How different were the sights and sounds of reality as I turned the corner of a clump of trees! The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grassy knoll, fighting up with its little clenched fists, and crowing, as the nursemaids call it, with all its might; while bending over it, with eyes brimful of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching wild kisses from its brow, and seizing its neck with her lips as if she would throttle it, there knelt a young woman; and such a young woman! I did not think she could have been quite thirty."

"Thirty! the old creature!" exclaimed Miss Jemima.

"The girl was probably a nursemaid!" remarked the old maid.

"She was neither an old creature nor a girl," said the lion in a king-of-the-forest tone, "but a woman in the very prime and glory of her years. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her dishevelled

elled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders; but a visible diadem sat on her queenly brow, just as a voice of peremptory command was *felt* in her light, joyous, leaping laugh. There was a fearless, self-possessed grace in her manner, such as years superadd to the feminine softness of youth; and her features, originally moulded in wax, were now as firm, yet as exquisitely fine, as if they had been cut in the semi-transparent marble of Paros. While feasting on the beautiful picture formed by the mother and her child—surely that must have been the relationship—a little incident occurred to disturb its grouping. The infant, with a shriller squeal of delight, and a more vigorous spasm of its limbs, suddenly rolled down the knoll, crowing as it went; and the lady, with a playful yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod. Before she could get up, I had sprung from my ambush, caught up the truant as it lay half-smothered in daisies and buttercups, and presented the prize to the flushed and startled mother. Such was my introduction to—”

“Not to Mrs. Hook!” said the old maid with severity. “You forget that you are now a married man!”

Miss Jemima was tearing absently the petals of a narcissus, and looking up with a forgiving sigh into the face of the narrator, said softly, “But you were not married then!”

“To describe the conversation of this fascinating woman,” continued the gentleman, “is impossible. She was not a woman of society, yet perfectly well-bred. She had spent the greater part of her life in the country, inhaling health of mind as well as body from the pure air of heaven, yet with occasional visits to, and occasional visitors from, the great cities, which enabled her, with the assistance not only of books, in the good old-fashioned sense of the term, but of the ephemeral literature of the day, to keep pace with the progress of the world.

“I do not know how it was, but our acquaintanceship seemed to be ready-made; and when at last I mentioned my uncle’s name, she had no difficulty in recollecting that respectable friend of Mrs. Hook. At the word I started as violently as if she had thrown the old lady’s grandchild at my head; and the beautiful stranger looked at me with surprise and curiosity.

“You know Mrs. Hook?” said I.

“Yes.”

“What—old Mrs. Hook?”

“Yes.”

“Grandmother Hook?”

“Yes.”

“How do you like the individual?”

“I sympathize with her; for I too—” And breaking off with a sigh, she held up the fairest hand in the world, so as to show a widow’s ring. I had not observed the peculiarity in her slight mourning, but now saw that she, too, was a widow—a young and charming widow!—and that the infant (which was now alternately in her arms and mine) was the pledge of a love extinguished in the grave! She was free—this lovely young woman; and I was about to be chained for life to Grandmother Hook! She saw my agitation, but of course could not comprehend its cause.

“Come,” said she with an angelic smile, “I see you do not like my venerable friend; but I am determined to reconcile you to her. She is a grandmother, it is true, and therefore not so young as she has been; but she wears well—she is indeed particularly

healthy; and thus, if you form a friendship for her, it is likely to last for many years.”

“That is the misery,” said I—“that is the misery! If she were but like other old women—if she were but liable to the common diseases of grandmothers, my fate might be endurable!”

“Your fate? What has your fate to do with the longevity of Mrs. Hook?”

“I am only going to be married to her—that’s all;” and the absurd announcement was no sooner out of my lips than the fair stranger broke into peals of laughter, that to my ears, at the inauspicious moment, sounded like the screams of an evil spirit.

“Pardon me,” said she, endeavoring to compose herself; “I am far too giddy for a—” And the widow kissed her orphan child. “But the idea of a marriage between you and Mrs. Hook is really too ridiculous. You appear to be compelled to the sacrifice by circumstances; but has the old lady given *her* consent?”

“Her consent! Oh, let her alone for that: it is not so often that a fellow like me comes in the way of a grandmother. There is no hope of her refusing me; and if I refuse her, I may as well hang myself up on one of those trees.”

“Why adopt such an alternative? Although probably dependent on fortune, you are not too old to work and to struggle. If you will not allow poor aged Mrs. Hook to enrich you, there are fortunes in the world still to be made by the adventurous and the industrious.”

“Give me a motive,” cried I suddenly, “and I will both dare and suffer! I cannot toil for so poor a meed as fortune; but place in the distance something worthy of my efforts, something rich enough to reward them, something—”

“What?” said she innocently.

“Love!” cried I in desperation; and before she could prevent me, I had caught hold of her hand, and smothered it with kisses.”

“Upon my word!” interrupted the old maid. “This from a married man—from the husband of Mrs. Hook!”

“But he was not married then,” whispered Jemima softly.

“Since you are displeased with such details,” pursued the gentleman, “I shall pass them over. Let it suffice that I spent several hours with the lovely widow; that I saw—clearly saw—that only a little time was wanting to enable me to gain her affections; and that I at last bade her adieu, extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs. Hook; and that, when I called at the court, she would see me alone, that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and me.”

“Pray, what was the lady’s name?” said Miss Jemima, as the lion paused.

“I never thought of asking.”

“How could you tell that she lived at the court?”

“I don’t know: I took it into my head; and it happened that I was right.”

“Under all circumstances, you seem to have made wonderful progress in so short a time!”

“Time is merely a relative word. An hour is occasionally as long as a day or a month; and a month, in other circumstances, passes as quickly as a day or an hour. The widow and I became better acquainted during the single interview I have described than we should have done in the course of a hundred meetings in ordinary society. But to proceed. I found my revered uncle in a very bad

temper, as he had expected me the day before; and matters were not mended when I mentioned frankly some misgivings I had on the score of domestic happiness.

"Domestic fiddlestick!" cried he. "What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife—and a healthy woman to boot, come of a long-winded race, and as likely as not to lay you beside my old friend Hook! She is a grandmother already: does not that look well?" I laughed nervously.

"You do not think her too young?" and the old gentleman grinned. Another spasmodic cachinnation.

"Then what ails you at her—more especially since you tell me that there is 'a vacancy in your heart!' But here comes a letter from the court." And tearing open a large old-fashioned looking missive, presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR—I am told that your nephew has arrived; and as he has been reported upon favorably by one who saw him yesterday, and on whose taste and judgment I can rely, I am tempted to say, with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. I am truly grateful for the many obliging things I am told he said of me; and I hope one day or other he will find them all realized. My dearest grandchild sends a pretty little kiss to you both; and, with best regards, I remain as usual,

GRANDMOTHER HOOK."

"There!" cried the old gentleman with odious triumph—"there is a spirit for you! Why, you dog, you will be as happy as the day is long!"

"I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were brooding bitterly over the treachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise, and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embarrassing, by persuading the wretched grandmother that I had been such an ass as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness, and infirmities! It was clear that she was a jilt; that she had only been laughing at my admiration; and that she was now determined to extract further amusement from my calamities. I resolved, however, to die game; and telling my uncle that, although well acquainted with Mrs. Hook from report, I desired to see her personally before coming to a final decision, I threw myself on horseback, and galloped straightway to the court.

"It was my intention to have asked for Mrs. Hook; but the wily widow was on her guard, for as the door opened, I heard her call to the servant, in her silveriest tones, 'Show the gentleman here;' and in another minute I stood once more in the presence of the unknown of the forest. I found her more beautiful—better dressed—younger than the day before; and as I saw, with keener appreciation, the treasure I was about to lose forever, my resentment died away, and deep choking grief took its place.

"You forgot your promise," said I: 'you make a sport of my misery!'

"What could I say when questioned?" replied she sweetly. "But what misery do you allude to?—the misery of marrying a grandmother?"

"When my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you, for you are as incapable of passion as a statue. You could never have loved even your husband."

"You are in some degree wrong; yet I was so young when I was married—only sixteen—that I looked upon my husband more as a guardian than as a lover. I was not quite seventeen when I became a mother."

"Is it possible! That is not a great while ago."

"Greater than you perhaps suppose; for a sound constitution and salubrious air are very deceitful. Would you take me to be well on to thirty-five?"

"What became of your child?" cried I suddenly.

"We all marry young in our family," replied the widow, hanging her head. "It was my daughter's infant," she continued, looking up at me with the most beautiful blush that ever lit the cheek of a girl, "which you gathered yesterday from among the daisies and buttercups; and I am GRANDMOTHER HOOK!"

"Well, I declare," said Miss Jemima, as the lion finished, "that is as like a romance as any real story I ever heard! Only an author would never make his heroine a horrid old thing of thirty-five."

"I am glad, for the sake of morality," remarked the old maid, "that she turned out to be Mrs. Hook after all: only I cannot help thinking it a shocking example for girls to be grandmothers."

From the Spectator.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE is a German author, soldier, and diplomatist, who was born at Dusseldorf in 1785, and just remembers the outbreak of the French revolution, and the hopes it excited in the minds of men. Soon afterwards he had some of its consequences imprinted on his memory; for his father was then a liberal, and with his young son was for a time driven about from place to place in consequence of his opinions. In 1800, Varnhagen Von Ense entered the medical college at Berlin; in less than three years he was expelled "for some trifling cause;" and then supported himself as a tutor. The battle of Jena found him at Berlin; and he gives a graphic picture of the bragging confidence of the Prussians before the action, and of the total want of conduct and capacity in the public authorities afterwards; as well as of the manner in which society was left to maintain itself—for there does not seem to have been much of anarchy. He subsequently served at Aspern and Wagram as an officer in the Austrian army; and was at Paris soon after Napoleon's marriage with Maria Louisa. On the failure of the Russian campaign and the uprising of Germany Von Ense was again in action under Tettenborn; whom he appears to have followed from the defence of Hamburg to the first capitulation of Paris. He attended the Congress of Vienna as secretary of Prince Hardenberg, the Prussian minister; and afterwards went as Prussian chargé d'affaires to Carlsruhe. Since 1819 he seems to have lived at Berlin, occupied in literary pursuits.

In 1843-46, Varnhagen Von Ense published his *Memorabilia*, in four volumes octavo, consisting of his autobiography and reminiscences. From this work Alexander Duff Gordon has arranged and translated the volume before us; selecting such passages as either for their intrinsic character or the events they commemorated were most likely to interest the English reader. In this task he has displayed great tact and judgment. The matter is throughout curious and entertaining; the translation easy and spirited, retaining the German manner without any German idioms. There are occasional skips, by the omission of incidents and matters that have no immediate English attraction; which give a fragmentary air to the places where they occur; we jump over something, without

knowing what. A few connecting notes would obviate this.

The autobiography is not without interest; for Von Ense is a remarkable man, who has mixed a good deal with society and authors, and who conveys shrewd and critical observations in a terse and lively style. The great value of the book, however, consists in the writer's observations upon public opinion, and his reminiscences of the events and men with which he was connected. Considered in this point of view, the volume is a valuable contribution to the history of the period; sometimes, we think, new; always strengthening those opinions which exhibit the true causes of the success of the French revolution and the empire, and of Napoleon's subsequent downfall. The hopes from the outbreak in France of the professional and trading (burgher) classes of Germany, insulted if not oppressed by the governments and the aristocracy—the manner in which this sentiment was strengthened by the insolence of the French emigrants—and the gradual way in which the license of the republicans and the oppressions of the imperialists substituted for this favorable feeling one of intense national hatred to the French—are continually indicated in the earlier narrative. The hollow nature of Napoleon's power—the real dissatisfaction among many of his old soldiers at his assumption of the imperial crown and his connection with the old French aristocracy and the crowned heads of Europe—the theatrical character of his so-called court, and the strong smack of the actor, if not of the charlatan, in himself—the unsettled, uneasy state of Parisian society from the highest to the lowest, and the total want of public honor or principle which the revolution had left behind it—are well indicated by anecdotes, description, or remark. The accounts of the *national war* in Germany exhibit to us a new phase of military action. The narrative of the regular campaign has little novelty beyond what arises from the German character; but we have a scholarly and critical mind in the descriptions, as well as that of the mere military man; so that principles—the essential causes of success or failure—are suggested to the reader, if not always expressed by the writer. The sketches of the Congress of Vienna and anecdotes of the leading men are both interesting and politically useful, but perhaps have not so much of novelty and raciness as the other parts. An allowance is of course to be made for the nationality of the author—we get a German view of things; but we think this obtains more in politics than in war, and it is never extreme.

A full idea of the value and use of the book will only be obtained by a rather careful perusal; but a few extracts will show the sort of reading it furnishes.

FRENCH EMIGRANTS: THE OLD REGIME.

"The people of Mayence had a much stronger dislike to the emigrants than those of Mannheim, and we heard them spoken of on our way to Coblenz with perfect hatred. Hundreds of stories were told of their pride, their extravagance, their violence, and their laughable vanity. Coblenz was overrun with them; they had there established their head-quarters, and played the part of lords and masters. The Elector of Treves, who had received them into his territory, had not a word to say in the matter; his magistrates were treated with contempt by these strangers, his troops sup-

planted; French courts of law were established, before which Germans were forcibly dragged whenever the French had any complaint to make against them. All civil order was at an end; men's homes were invaded; young nobles quartered themselves wherever a pretty woman struck their fancy; their gallantry took the coarsest form, and the grossest immorality prevailed. The inhabitants complained to the elector; and when he expressed his inability to assist them in their necessities, they asked his permission to drive the foreigners out of their country, he begged them for God's sake to have a little patience. This was a terrible predicament for any German prince, and one not likely to make him respected by his own people. The only hope was, that war would soon break out, whereupon their troublesome guests would be forced to pass the frontier. The emigrants themselves looked upon the triumphant march into France as so certain, the acquisition of power and wealth as so infallible, that they did not think of husbanding their resources; on the contrary, they threw away their money in the most reckless manner, as if they wanted to get rid of it, so as to have more room for what they were so sure to obtain. I saw gold pieces, which had been used as marks for pistol-shooting, thrown among the people to be scrambled for. A peasant girl, who was selling flowers, had gold showered into her hands because she was pretty. The most luxurious feasts took place; it was an amusement to make every one, even the school-boys, drunk, and to send them reeling to their homes. But nothing excited greater disgust than the contempt with which the emigrants treated the rye bread; they took out the crumb, and kneaded it into pellets, with which they pelted passers-by or broke windows; they hollowed out the crusts, which the young viscounts or abbés put upon their feet, and danced about in the streets amidst loud laughter until the bread was broken by the stones and lost in the mud. The manner in which they treated God's gift was the one sin which the Germans would least forgive, and upon which they called down the vengeance of the Lord."

REPUBLICAN FEELING IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

"My daily intercourse with these people [French officers after the battle of Wagram, where he was wounded] soon inspired them with such confidence as to induce them to lay aside all restraint; and I heard with secret joy that general discontent prevailed in the army, together with a liberal tone that alarmed the emperor. The complaint of the deterioration of the army was universal; which these men attributed entirely to that love of court display which had led Napoleon to forget the main consideration that he was their general and emperor, and that to recognize and reward merit was better than to dispense favors. It was asserted as beyond question that one regiment of Bonaparte's, Moreau's, or Jourdan's republican soldiers, was as good as three or four of the emperor's present troops. I also heard remarkable confessions of which no mention was made in Napoleon's bulletins; here a superior force of French cuirassiers had been beaten by Blankenstein's Austrian hussars, or the infantry had not done their duty; there some particular general had committed some egregious blunder. Napoleon himself was not spared; they did not scruple to call him a rogue; but were ready nevertheless to do his bidding at a moment's notice."

NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT.

"Officers in gorgeous uniforms were working their way with great difficulty amid livery servants bearing refreshments. Conversation was loud and animated; every one was trying to find their acquaintances and more room. There was no appearance of dignity or ceremony worthy of the occasion; every one looked uncomfortable and bored. The only people whose appearance did not belie their station were the members of the Austrian embassy. Prince Schwarzenberg especially had a noble appearance; his manners were easy without languor, and earnest without pomposity; his whole conduct made a striking contrast to the ridiculous activity and glib insignificance of so many others, especially of those courtiers who, having followed the popular current, had now been left behind in the race, which was the fate of many present. If these people, with their crosses and smart clothes, and in the circle in which their nature and education intended them to move, made so wretched a figure, what was to be expected of them in the councils of princes, in high offices of trust in the camp! These thoughts struck me the more, because I now found the French court, which had been described as the seat of all that was dignified and imposing, to be the picture of disorder and ridicule.

"At length the time approached, and every one rushed towards the doors; ushers, pages, and guards, filled the passages and the antechamber. Even here the soldiers seemed to be the only people who knew their business; and these had learnt it not from courtiers but from their corporals.

"A half circle was formed in the audience chamber, and we waited till the cry of *l'Empereur* announced Napoleon's approach. He was dressed in a plain blue uniform, with his small cocked hat under his arm; and slowly advanced towards us from the end of the room. He had the air of one exercising a strong restraint upon himself, in order to conceal his contempt for those from whom he had some object to obtain. He wished to make a favorable impression; but nature had denied him ease of manner, and it was scarce worth the trouble to assume it. Hence there was an incessant contest going on within him. He first addressed the Austrian ambassador, who was at one end of the half circle; and the conversation turned on the unfortunate ball. Napoleon intended to express sympathy, but failed in conveying his meaning. His manner was less friendly towards the Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin; and lower down the circle he must have heard or seen something to annoy him, for he lost his temper, and nearly annihilated the minister of some second-rate power, whose name I cannot at this moment recall, by his furious manner. Those who were near enough to witness the scene afterwards asserted that no cause whatever had been given for this sudden outbreak of temper, and that Napoleon had selected this unlucky wight upon whom to vent his wrath in order to keep the others in wholesome dread.

"As he proceeded further down the circle, he tried to be more gentle; but his ill-humor was constantly showing itself. He spoke in a short hasty tone; and even when he intended to be kind, he always looked as if he were angry; I scarce ever heard so rough or so unpleasant a voice as Napoleon's.

"His eyes were gloomily fixed upon the ground, and occasionally glanced rapidly from one person to another. When he smiled, the smile played only about the mouth and cheeks, the eyes remaining immovably fixed. If by an effort he succeeded in forcing the smile into the upper part of his face, his countenance grew still more repulsive. There was something awful in this union of smiles and sternness. I cannot understand what those people mean who say that they found his countenance captivating from its pleasant and kindly expression. His features, undeniably classical and beautiful, were hard and fixed as marble, and incapable of expressing confidence or any generous emotion.

"What he said, at least whenever I heard him, was insignificant in substance and expression, without force, wit, or clearness; sometimes it was commonplace and ridiculous."

THE CAMP PRESS: GERMAN WAR OF LIBERATION.

"One great cause of annoyance to the French was a newspaper from the camp, which was at first published in Lünenburg. The eagerness which the people showed for news of what was going on made it imperative upon us to print hasty accounts of the chief events of the campaign, so as to satisfy their zeal and curiosity as speedily as possible. The quantity of matter which poured in on all sides soon compelled us to publish our intelligence daily; it only wanted a name to become a regular newspaper. The frequent mention of what was going on in our immediate neighborhood made Marshal Davoust one of the chief objects of remark in the paper; which being published wherever Tettenborn's head-quarters happened to be, soon had a great circulation, and was received with the greatest favor and curiosity. Nor were satirical effusions wanting, in which the humor and wit of our camp found a vent. The French had been accustomed until now to have a monopoly of this species of warfare; and were furious to see themselves equalled, nay even surpassed. This newspaper was always published wherever we were; and at last ceased with its sixteenth number in France, where it appeared in French, and its last words were devoted to Marshal Davoust."

PRUSSIAN EXPLANATION OF PLUNDERING THE FRENCH.

"The excesses committed by our troops, of which the French papers gave such awful descriptions, and Napoleon never ceased talking, were not only extremely exaggerated, but were even inferior to those which the French soldiers allowed themselves in their own country. However, the impression of terror which these constant representations excited in the minds of the people gradually began to tell, and to produce those very excesses and disorders which before were mere invention. Nothing could be more imprudent than the conduct of that portion of the French people who did not take up arms against us. The doors and windows in every town or village which we entered were barricaded; the inhabitants had disappeared, and the authorities had absconded. When after a long search the mayor happened to be discovered, he invariably said that the village contained nothing to supply the wants of the troops; that the constant plunderings to which they had been subject had exhausted their means; time was requested in order that search might be made in the neighboring villages whether peradven-

ture something might be discovered there. In this manner many hours elapsed, during which we got nothing but good words; and when, after waiting a long time, no provision or fodder made their appearance, the soldiers, who ran the risk of losing their hour of rest and refreshment, and naturally became impatient, searched for themselves, and found in most cases a superfluity of all they wanted. This conduct of the authorities made our men take matters with a high hand; and in a spirit of revenge they seized upon whatever they could find in the people's kitchens and cellars, where with different treatment they would have been content with a crust of bread. If a Cossack took up a bundle of straw, there were loud screams of plunder; if he asked for a kettle for the camp, there were noisy complaints of personal violence, until at length plundering and personal violence became very general, caused entirely by such conduct. The guides were often led by the army with a rope round their necks; but this precaution, which the *Moniteur* described as degrading to humanity, was adopted in consequence of the guides so frequently running away, and had been taught to the Cossacks by the French in Russia.

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

WHILE more than one state government is blundering away at measures of proved uselessness to mitigate the horrors of barbarity on the seaboard of Western Africa, a Liverpool merchant and a sea captain have penetrated to the interior, and have surveyed the highway not only to that inner region, but to the civilization of Africa. Mr. Robert Jamieson of Liverpool has collected the means and planned the enterprise, with a disinterested perseverance and zeal for discovery far above the mere trading spirit of the time. Mr. Becroft has immortalized himself as one of the most daring, most discreet, and most intelligent of English discoverers. In spite of the obstacles aggravated rather than removed by the proceedings of the English government—in spite of the most disastrous mischances, Mr. Becroft has succeeded in establishing the fact that the interior is accessible for navigation and trade; he has thrown light on the interior navigation up to Timbuctoo, inasmuch that only forty miles of the river remains to be explored—the part between Lever, his highest point, and Boussah, Park's lowest; the great water-way being the key to several regions of beautiful and fertile country, peopled by divers races, and affording opportunities for legitimate commerce of indefinite extension.

The lower Niger and its branches permeate an immense delta, containing thousands of miles of richly fertile and wooded country. The unhealthy climate extends only for a limited space inwards; and as you ascend the river the healthiness becomes equal to that of the tropics generally. This region is inhabited by negro races, warlike, rude, yet not destitute of civilization, and eager for trade. On the middle Niger, above Iddah, the inhabitants assume more of the Arab aspect, are more civilized, congregate in towns so large that one is mentioned which is computed to contain 20,000 inhabitants, but the people are less eager for trade. They are prejudiced against strangers from the West by the

Arab dealers who come to them in caravans across the continent, and strive to exclude rivals from the market. This prejudice, however, does not seem to be very powerful; and the trade which can repay the toilsome transit across the continent by land is sure to remunerate traders who come by the comparatively short and easy path of the river.

The requisites for a successful trade with the inhabitants of the Niger are now well ascertained by the experiences of Mr. Becroft and his fellow-voyagers in the *Ethiope* steamer. First you want iron steamers of less draught and greater engine-power; for by such vessels not only the Niger but its Tshaddah branch might be navigated at almost all seasons of the year. You want officers like Mr. Becroft, of hardy constitutions, inured to the climate, of brave spirit, discreet, and shrewd. You want trading managers capable of accommodating their manners to the wayward dealings of a rude people, and able to estimate the value of produce little known. You want crews mostly of African blood, and at all events of sufficient stamina to bear the climate. It is obvious that efficiency of navigation, the power to move rapidly, and tact in dealing with the natives, are requisites far more important than mere armed force. Ivory, vegetable tallow, peppers, indigo, cotton wool, palm oil, a sort of caravances or haricot beans, dye woods, timber woods, skins, and a great variety of produce that is but slightly known, invite the trader. The sole desideratum is thorough efficiency in the means of navigating the river; and it is evident that a commerce of indefinite extension will repay any sums laid out in thoroughly establishing that efficiency of navigation.

Of course the free blacks educated in the West Indian trade will become useful workmen in penetrating the native land of their race. We must depend, at least for generations to come, on the black race to supply the bulk of the crews.

It is, however, doubtful how far these legitimate trading measures can be carried on conjointly with the armed measures on the coast. The cruising system not only keeps up the jealousy and shyness of the native tribes, but fosters all sorts of jealousy among the rival cruisers. Mr. Becroft encountered some impediments to his exploration of the Gaboon river from a French commandant, who suspected him of territorial objects, and had been making "treaties" with the native chiefs conferring some kind of territorial right on the French. All this is very idle. The natives are too rude to make treaties worth any European consideration; but they have a productive country, and perfect freedom of commerce would soon instil ideas into their minds which they never can derive from treaty-making mummeries or forcible interference with their free trade in slaves.—*Spectator*.

TALKING of companionship, do not you think there is often a peculiar feeling of home where age and infirmity is? The arm-chair of the sick, or the old, is the centre of the house. They think, perhaps, that they are unimportant; but all the household hopes and cares flow to them and from them.

I quite agree with you. What you have just depicted is a beautiful sight, especially when, as you often see, the age of infirmity is not in the least selfish or exacting.

From the Westminster Review.

The Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. By ANDREW AMOS, Esq. Bentley.

THE interest which the story of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury has always excited in the student of English history cannot be ascribed to any great sympathy either with the victim or the reputed criminals—profligate favorites in a corrupt and abandoned court—but must be traced principally to the mystery that overhangs the transaction, and its supposed connection with still darker secrets. This murder was generally believed, at the time, to be connected with the death of Prince Henry, the hope and darling of the nation, and with a plot more extensive and more horrible than that of Guy Faux; the character of James I. was supposed to be deeply implicated; and many thought that by his direction the public mind was set on a wrong scent at the trial of the delinquents. Later researches, whilst partly proving these suspicions to be unfounded, have by no means cleared up the matter. Mr. Hallam, who seems to have studied the subject very attentively, and gone to all the sources of information then within reach, says, after detailing one or two points which he considers settled, "Upon the whole, I cannot satisfy myself as to this mystery." He also says, "The circumstances connected with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury might furnish materials for a separate dissertation, had I leisure to stray into these by-paths."

The task here suggested has been undertaken by Mr. Amos, who has not only collected together, we believe, all the information on the subject that was previously open to the public, but has added various documents, yet unpublished, from the State Paper Office, and manuscripts in the British Museum. Of this new matter the most valuable portion is the written examinations of prisoners and witnesses, taken privately by Sir Edward Coke, who was employed to collect the evidence for the prosecution. These place the transaction in a very different light from that in which it has been commonly viewed. If they may be depended on, they tend greatly to diminish the criminality of Somerset; and they likewise serve to explain what has been hitherto so unaccountable—the difficulty that was found in putting Overbury to death. The work before us, therefore, must be acknowledged as a valuable accession to English historical literature. At the same time, it unfortunately happens that the materials so diligently accumulated have been so unartfully put together, with so perverse a disregard of method and chronology, and are so much overlaid with general commentary, that they not only fail of producing their due effect, but are utterly unintelligible to the hasty reader. What the book wants is some kind of introductory narrative or summary of the results, that might serve as index and key to its very heterogeneous contents.

Thomas, son of Sir Nicholas Overbury, one of the judges of the Marches, was born at Boston-on-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire. He studied at Oxford, and coming up to London, resided for some time in the Middle Temple. Finding the law not to his taste, he soon after "cast anchor at court," "the then haven of hope," says his biographer, Winstanley, "for all aspiring spirits." Here he became distinguished for his rare accomplishments. He wrote, both in verse and prose, with ease and

elegance. Besides a poem called the "Wife," and some minor pieces, he published "Characters," prose essays, in the manner afterwards so successfully adopted by Dr. Earle. Mr. Amos gives some specimens of his style. They are much deformed by the vice of the age, a tendency to fantastic conceits and strained antithesis; but contain many happy turns, are always curt and energetic, sometimes humorous, and indicate a lively and cheerful tone of mind.

That, however, which was the making of Overbury's fortunes was his introduction to the notice and friendship of Robert Carr, afterwards Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. This young gentleman, coming up from Scotland in the stream of fortune-seekers, had, by a lucky accident, attracted the notice of the king; and his personal beauty and gracefulness of demeanor at once made their way to James' capricious favor. Carr was illiterate, idle, and by no means gifted with ability. But his influence over the king admitted him into all the secrets of state; placed at his disposal all gifts and promotions; gave him a voice in all questions of foreign and domestic polity; and thus, while it overwhelmed him with wealth and court friends, overwhelmed him likewise with duties, cares, and responsibilities which he must have found irksome enough. In a country where all was strange to him, and whose very language he could scarce speak intelligibly, a guide and counsellor must have been of the last necessity to him; and such an one he found in Sir Thomas Overbury. Overbury was received into his patron's inmost confidence; all affairs of state were made known to him; despatches, petitions, in a word the secret history of the nation, all was open to both alike; till at last, as Bacon tells us, they two knew more of what was passing in the country than did the council itself. In all things Carr made Overbury his oracle; and, indeed, if we are to believe the vaunt of the latter, owed to him all his fortunes, reputation, and understanding. Thus it came to pass that the servant, an able unscrupulous man, began at length to look upon the master as a mere tool. Overbury may have known, perhaps, more fully than we can know, the nature and causes of Carr's extraordinary influence over the king. Or it may be that he had gained too much insight into the secrets of state. At all events, it is certain that Overbury believed he had the favorite in his power; and, use what insolence he might, he could not now be shaken off. His patron was soon to learn that bad men must endure with patience the tyranny of their confidential servants.

Carr, created Viscount Rochester, had not long enjoyed his new rank, and the courtly society which was now open to him, before he was captivated by the charms of the young Countess of Essex, then in attendance on the queen. Lady Frances Howard had been married, at the unripe age of thirteen, to a boy of fourteen, who had immediately been forced to leave her, to complete his education on the continent. She was yet a girl when she was initiated into the pleasures and temptations of a court, of which, for her rare beauty, she was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments. A contemporary writer, who bore her no good-will, declares of her that "Those who saw her face might challenge nature of hypocrisy, for harboring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance." Her beauty was a fatal gift. Surrounded by flatterers, separated from her natural protectors, with the liberty of a widow and the suscepti-

bility of a girl, Lady Frances was not sufficiently insensible to the solicitations of the young favorite. Carr employed Overbury's pen to give words to his wishes; and a private correspondence was carried on between the lovers, through the medium of one Mrs. Turner, the lady's perfumer.

The intrigue was interrupted by the return of Lord Essex from his travels. Lady Frances received him with undisguised repugnance. The young girl shrank from consummating a marriage that was itself a crime; and she endeavored to persuade Essex into a separation. To aid her in this attempt, no doubt, and by the advice of her confidante, Mrs. Turner, she applied to one Dr. Firman, a noted astrologer, for an amulet to chill her husband's love. Her letter to the doctor, in which she styles him her "dear father," was produced on her trial, together with the charm he gave her, which consisted of enchanted papers and puppets, a piece of human skin, and a black scarf full of white crosses. The good doctor's recipe appears to have been of no avail. Baffled in this quarter, Lady Frances must now have revealed her secret to her uncle, Lord Northampton, a nobleman whom Bacon styles the "learnedest councillor in the kingdom," and who is the author of a work in refutation of witchcraft. It is an odd coincidence that this book was published in the same year, 1583, in which the niece gave so remarkable a proof of her belief in the superstition that the uncle attacked. Northampton seems to have been induced, by his anxiety for his young relative's reputation, to assist her with his valuable counsels; and a project was devised, by which she might be released from the abhorred yoke, and united to the man she loved.

This plan, however, at the very outset, met with opposition in a quarter from which it was least expected. Overbury, who had hitherto helped to forward his patron's suit without reluctance, resolutely opposed himself to the project of a marriage. Perhaps he had at heart the interests of his friend, and officiously sought to serve him against his will; perhaps he was unwilling to share with another the influence he wielded, and which he had already found extremely profitable. Whatever his motive, he was not content with exhortations, attacks on the lady's character, insolent speeches, or even threats; he also proceeded, it would appear, to take active measures for defeating Northampton's design. He seems now to have given his patron distinctly to understand that he knew his power; that he had a hold upon him, which he was not inclined to forego; and that Rochester must make his choice between resigning the lady and braving one who was master of his secrets.

When Lady Frances learnt that Overbury had thus crossed her love, and traduced her name, and placed himself athwart the only path that could lead her back to virtue and happiness, all the furies in her breast were aroused. She now proved that under that "sweet and bewitching" countenance of girlish beauty lay passions, which no obstacle of fear or conscience could restrain. She sought to clear her way by removing her enemy. Having learnt that one Sir D. Woodes bore Overbury a grudge, she sought him out; urged him to assassinate Sir Thomas; and promised him a reward of £1,000, and to make his greatest enemy—meaning Rochester—his greatest friend. This we have on the authority of Woodes himself. The worthy knight replied, he says, that he would do so at once, if she would obtain him an assurance under Rochester's hand, or by word of mouth, that he

should be allowed to escape, or have a pardon. Hereupon the lady paused, and desired time to reflect; and afterwards, not venturing, probably, to reveal the matter to Rochester, sent word to Woodes that that could not be.

Meantime, Rochester and Northampton were devising means to rid themselves of Overbury's dangerous opposition. An act of tyranny, by no means uncommon under the Tudors, was made instrumental to their private grudge. Rochester, who had the king's ear, induced him to appoint Overbury ambassador to Muscovy; then persuaded the latter to decline the irksome honor; and, when the treacherous advice was taken, had him clapped into the Tower for contempt. The poor man's indiscretion, it seems, came in aid of the machinations of his enemies. Upon receiving a formal offer of the embassy, he not only refused it, but, as rumor went, indulged in some stinging sarcasms upon the court, which came to the king's ear, and put him into a violent rage. Overbury's imprisonment took place about the 30th April, 1603.

This object being removed, the project, hatched no doubt in the prolific brain of Northampton, was brought to maturity. A suit for a divorce was set on foot, upon the plea that, by witchcraft or otherwise, Essex had been incapacitated for performing the duties of a husband towards the Lady Frances. In a proceeding that was so near at heart with the king's favorite, the king took the greatest interest; he impatiently urged on the proceedings in the ecclesiastical court, and himself dictated, we are told, its final decree. The story goes, that when the countess was to be examined before a jury of matrons, an unmarried daughter of one Sir Thomas Monson was substituted in her place, concealed under a thick veil. Eventually, the court pronounced in favor of the countess; thus releasing her from that ill-starred wedlock, in which nature, and prudence, and her own affections, had been alike disregarded by the family pride of her relatives. This sentence was followed, after no long interval, by Lady Frances' marriage with Rochester; whom, that his rank might correspond to hers, the king now created Earl of Somerset. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost pomp. The king himself gave away the bride, paid the marriage fees, and presided over the festivities. The queen made a handsome wedding-gift. The wife of a bishop presented the bride-cake. All who hoped for court favor—in other words, all who were, or aspired to be, eminent, wealthy, or distinguished—vied together in the sumptuousness of their gifts to the young couple. One gave a team of the finest horses in London; another, a gold warming-pan; another, hangings worth £1,500; another, a silver cradle to burn sea-coal; another, two oriental pearls. Sir Edward Coke gave a basin and ewer of silver gilt; his lady, a pot of gold. Sir Francis Bacon insisted on paying for the masque, which the benchers of Lincoln's Inn presented at the marriage-supper, the cost being £2,000. Dr. Donne, forgetting the clergyman in the courtier, wrote eulogistic verses, complimenting the bride on the "manly courage" with which she "braved unjust opinion." Lady Frances boldly arrayed herself in the costume appropriated to virgin brides. Everything passed, in short, as if Essex and the former marriage had had no existence; as if the bride's reputation were unsullied, and her conscience without reproach.

During the time, however, which had been taken up by these proceedings, was perpetrated that foul crime which forms the subject of our narrative. Men

of law, it seems, were not more celebrated for despatch in those days than in our own; the suit for the divorce had been commenced in April or May; but it was not till St. Stephen's day, in December, that the marriage could take place. Sir Thomas Overbury died on the 15th September. That he died by poison can scarcely be doubted; though there are conflicting opinions as to what persons are implicated in the guilt. A plain narrative of the circumstances that occurred, so far as they appear clearly established, will enable the reader to draw his own conclusions, particularly as to the guilt of Somerset and James, which are the principal questions in dispute.

In the first place, it seems clear that Overbury was retained as well as placed in prison by the machinations of Somerset. According to the usual course of procedure, he might have expected his release after an imprisonment of a few weeks, if not days. But Somerset required his detention till the divorce and second marriage should be accomplished. We find that means were taken by some one to inspire James with feelings towards Overbury which seem incommensurate with the very venial offence of declining an embassy. From a cotemporary letter it appears, that "much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of banishment and loss of office, such a *rooted hatred* lieth in the king's heart towards him." That this hatred was the work of Somerset seems a fair inference from the circumstances in which he was placed.

Again, it was necessary for Somerset's purpose, not only to keep Overbury in prison, but to keep him close, and allow of no correspondence on his part, that might either obstruct the divorce, or publish those secrets, whatever they might be, in the possession of which lay Overbury's hold upon his patron. Accordingly, Somerset appears to have been the means of debarring the prisoner from the attendance of his body-servant. Overbury's father and mother, on the news of his arrest, had come up to town to make exertions for his release; but Somerset, whilst he amused them with hopes, and promises of his assistance, strongly urged them to go back into the country, and neither press to see their son, nor deliver petitions to the king on his behalf; assuring them that their interference would only stir up enemies, and protract his release.

Another, and a still more suspicious circumstance is to come. Shortly after his imprisonment, and while he yet confided in his friend, Overbury received from him a white powder, which he was to take medicinally. Somerset declared, at his trial, that this was at Overbury's request, who wished to appear sick, that his patron might thence take occasion to move the king's compassion. He also produced a letter, in which Overbury said that the powder had agreed with him, though he meant to take no more of that kind. There is, however, some mystery about this powder, which has not been cleared up. When asked whence he had it, Somerset asserted that it was given him by one Sir H. Pettigrew, from whom he had got similar medicine before, as Overbury knew. But Pettigrew maintained that he had never given Somerset but three powders; and each of these was traced; so that there must have been a fourth, for Overbury, from some other quarter. This powder then may have been poison. But if so, it is impossible to suppose it in any way the cause of death, immediately or remotely. It produced a violent effect; was followed by great vomiting, and purging; but, beyond that, it seems to have left no traces of its

presence: the patient recovered, and lived for months. If it were poison, we may perhaps presume that Overbury was saved by the over-strength of the dose.

Weeks rolled on, and still Overbury was a prisoner. Somerset professed much, but had done nothing; and Overbury's friends, as well as himself, began to doubt the sincerity of one who was not used to ask favors of the king in vain. Sir John Lydcote, Overbury's brother-in-law, found means to send him a letter, in which he recommends him to change his style in writing to Somerset. Overbury took the hint, and wrote two very imperious letters, of which the second closes with an alarming threat, as follows:—

"Well, all this vacation I have written the story betwixt you and me; how I have lost my friends for your sake; what hazard I have run; what secrets have passed between us; how, after you had won that woman by my letters, you then concealed all your after proceedings from me; and how upon this there came many breaches betwixt us; of the vow you made to be even with me; and your sending for me twice that day that I was caught in the trap, persuading me that it was a plot of mine enemies to send me beyond sea, and urging me not to accept it, assuring me to free me from any long trouble. On Tuesday I made an end of this, and on Friday sent it to a friend of mine, under eight seals; and, if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published. Whether I live or die, your shame shall never die, but ever remain to the world, to make you the most odious man living."—p. 85.

Whilst Somerset was engaged in buoying up Overbury with false hopes, and secretly contriving to keep him fast, Lady Frances, on her part, meditated a more deadly project. If the former had cause to wish Overbury out of the way for fear of machinations or disclosures to come, the latter was still more powerfully impelled to seek his destruction in revenge for what she looked upon as wrongs and insults past. Her first attempt to rid herself of Overbury having failed, she now cast about for a surer and more secret instrument of destruction. There is no proof that her intentions were disclosed to Somerset; and the presumptions seem to point the other way. Lady Frances had not ventured to speak to him of the assassination, though his concurrence would have been necessary for that project to succeed; here, where his concurrence was not required, she was still less likely to volunteer a communication that must risk so much. Unscrupulous as she was, she was not hardened in guilt; her self-respect might be gone, and yet she might cling all the more tenaciously to the good opinion of others, and, above all, of Somerset. She dared not risk the forfeiting of that affection which was the only thing that prompted her enterprise. She could not foresee that his love, like her own, would prove strong enough to survive the shock of suspicion, disgrace, public exposure and conscious crime. If it be true that Somerset himself had wished for Overbury's death, and unskilfully attempted to produce it, yet that was unknown to her. It would seem, then, that the guilty projects of the husband and wife went on side by side, but were distinct, and hidden from each other.

Very shortly after Overbury's imprisonment, Lady Frances must have begun to meditate his death by poisoning. The subject of secret and slow poison was one that, in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, much occupied men's imaginations. This was no doubt owing, primarily, to the recent introduction of chemical science into

England. The art of healing by means of herbs and simples was beginning to be superseded by the more potent agency of drugs and chemicals. The herb-woman, or leech, was but just supplanted by the apothecary; for the establishment of apothecaries' shops throughout Europe is an event that belongs to the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries. It was only natural that the wonders of the new science should excite the terror of the ignorant, and be the subject of a thousand exaggerations. Its powers of destruction furnished a readier theme for the marvel-loving than its power of healing. A few true stories of poisoning formed the nucleus of a thousand more that were the creation of fancy, terror, or malignity. Hence it is that the reigns of these sovereigns abound with so many tales of mysterious deaths and indefinite suspicions. Camden, in his *Annals*, tells us that whenever a popular or distinguished man died, there inevitably went round a whisper of poisoning. It was even believed that the professors of this art could so regulate their doses as to produce death in any given number of days; nay, that they could simulate the appearances of natural disease.* This latter refinement, and possibly the former, were indeed afterwards attained, when chemical science was more advanced, by the notorious Tophana, and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers; but they must certainly be deemed beyond the reach of any Englishman in the reign of James I. Still the belief prevailed; and Lady Frances thought a dose of poison the surest means of ridding herself of her enemy.

Her scheme was concocted with the infamous Mrs. Turner, a woman who, to the ostensible business of a perfumer, united other secret and nefarious pursuits. She it was who had introduced the young countess to the magician, Firman; and her servant, Weston, had been the bearer of Lady Frances' letters to Rochester. Upon her, probably, must rest the largest share of the guilt. At all events, she had the active part in the business, and bore the chief weight of popular odium.

Their first care was to provide the prisoner with a keeper whom they could depend on. Here they were partly favored by circumstances. The lieutenant of the Tower had recently been dismissed, and his successor was to be appointed. The place was, of course, pretty nearly in the gift of Somerset; and he had promised to oblige Sir T. Monson, a friend of Lady Frances, and whose daughter it was that assisted her in the matter of the divorce, by obtaining the post for his nominee. In the language of the day, Somerset thus conferred on Monson "a suit worth £2,000," that is, Monson was allowed to set the place to sale, and £2,000 was the price he put upon it. The purchaser was one, Sir Gervase Elwes, who afterwards obtained an unenviable notoriety from his connection with the Overbury murder. This new lieutenant came into his place about a week after Overbury's imprisonment. Almost at the same time, Lady Frances induced Monson to speak to the lieutenant in favor of Weston, whom she wished to be appointed Overbury's keeper. Her request excited no suspicion. Monson was aware of her intimacy with Rochester, and would naturally suppose the latter desirous to provide his friend with a servant, who might consult his comfort, and perhaps be the medium of correspondence between them. In this little matter, it was equally natural that both Monson and Elwes

should be glad to oblige their patron. Accordingly, the unhappy prisoner was placed in the charge of Mrs. Turner's confidential servant, Weston; a wretch who had already learnt his part, and received his bribe, and was now the willing instrument of his employers' vengeance.

The next step was to procure the poison; and this fell within the province of Mrs. Turner, who knew of a trustworthy apothecary. The apothecaries of James' reign are not to be judged of from their successors who stand behind counters now-a-days. Our first apothecaries were Italians, then French, and it was a new thing for an Englishman to practise the art. As beginners, the native chemists cannot be supposed to have been very skilful. In the opinion of King James' French physician, the English doctors "were all fools." They met with small encouragement; the mere art of healing was not enough to bring a livelihood; and a London apothecary was generally obliged to eke out his living with some other trade—often that of a confectioner—sometimes, like Johnson's "Abel Druggier," a tobaccoist. We may conjecture that Shakespeare's "lean apothecary" was drawn from the life. Yet these ill-paid practitioners were necessarily men of some science, for they had, every one, to feel his own way. If their shop windows were stuffed with tarts and jellies, or rolls of Virginia, their inner rooms were fitted up with stills and laboratories; and they could brew their own drugs, and make their own experiments, and pry into the mysteries of nature, and dabble in alchemy, and solace their hungry wretchedness with golden dreams. Poor as these men were, they were naturally a proud race; for they were looked upon by the multitude with admiration mixed with terror, as wizards who could read futurity, and make the powers of darkness their familiars, and human life their plaything. In a man thus circumstanced one might expect to find an apt instrument of criminal designs. Reverenced and despised by turns, and so made keenly sensitive to contempt; tantalized by visions of wealth, and tormented by very real poverty; wielding a knowledge that, turned to good ends, barely kept them alive, but which, in the service of wealthy crime, might be to him the true philosopher's stone he longed for; an apothecary could scarce afford to be an honest man. Yet it would be an injustice towards the profession to suppose that it contained many such wretches as him whom Mrs. Turner now proceeded to consult. Dr. Franklin was commonly reputed to have poisoned his own wife; he was quite ready to undertake the same office for Overbury. Afterwards, when arrested, he made amends by betraying his confederates and seeking to implicate innocent men. Being asked whether Somerset had taken a part in some stage of the business, he obligingly answered, "If you wish me to say so, he did." He also declared that this project of poisoning was but a part of a more extensive scheme than the powder-plot—that he knew the names of many noblemen in it—with much more in the same strain, so palpably fictitious, that not even the officers of the prosecution could believe or act upon it. His examinations are full of gross inconsistencies. At the scaffold, he assumed airs of the astrologer, and bestowed on a friend a recipe for raising spirits. Malignant to the last, he told the executioner, whilst he was performing the final offices about his person, that he trusted there would soon be some great lords for him to operate upon. And this is the wretch whose evidence has served as materials for history!

* See Winstanley's "Worthies"—Life of Leicester, p. 346.

All things being now prepared, and the unsuspecting victim entirely in the hands of his destroyers, the reader probably expects to hear of his speedy death. By no means. Overbury lived four months longer, during which time, if we are to believe Franklin, deadly poison was his daily food. "Sir Thomas Overbury," says this most credible witness, "never ate white salt, but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs. Turner put into it *lapis costitis*. The white powder that was sent to him in a letter, by Somerset, he (Franklin) knew to be white arsenic. At another time, he had two partridges sent him from court; and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides. So that there was scarce anything he did eat, but there was some poison mixed." If it be true that Overbury lived through this treatment for four months, he must certainly have been poison-proof.

The fact is, that from the documents now made public by Mr. Amos, there seems great reason to believe that these poisons were never administered at all. This, indeed, cannot be said to diminish the moral guilt of Lady Somerset and her confederates. The poisons were prepared and sent to the Tower, and believed to have been given to Overbury; but they appear to have been prevented from reaching him by the lieutenant, Sir Gervase Elwes. This rests on the testimony of Elwes and Weston—evidence not absolutely free from suspicion, but which seems confirmed by a variety of circumstances. In the first place, the character of Elwes, and his whole demeanor, point him out as a man whose veracity might be depended on; and he persisted in the same story when on the scaffold. It is true that one must view with distrust the self-exculpation of a man charged with a crime; but Elwes is confirmed in every point by Weston, and there can be no reason why the latter should have taken part in a fabrication which condemns himself. Weston's story is, in effect, a confession of his own guilt; besides all which, their evidence clears up what would otherwise be unaccountable—the strange vitality of Overbury under his unwholesome diet. The story, then, goes as follows:—

Shortly after the arrest of Overbury, Weston was sent for to Lady Frances' apartments at Whitehall, where he was closeted with the lady and Mrs. Turner. Here he was told that he should be appointed Overbury's keeper, and that there should be sent him a "water," which he was to take care and give to his prisoner, and for so doing he should receive a large reward. Accordingly, he had not been long in his new post before he received from them a little glass full of "water," of a yellowish and greenish color. Now it seems that Weston had all this time been under a mistaken notion that the lieutenant was in the secret. That evening, therefore, the 9th May, when about to take up Overbury's soup, Weston asked Elwes, "whether he should now give him that which he had, or no?" Elwes affected to hear him without surprise, and led him apart, and by a few questions, so turned as not to show his ignorance, drew out the other's secret. Hereupon the good lieutenant read him such a lecture on the heinousness of his crime, and the judgment to come, that the poor man—who had, perhaps, grown up in ignorance, and been made a tool of by others, without a due sense of his own responsibility—fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, says Elwes, "blessed the time that ever he did know me." Then he ex-

plained his mistake. "Why, sir," said he, "did you not know what should be done?" Elwes not only protested his ignorance, and made Weston fling the accursed "water" into a gutter, but gained such an influence over him, that he promised faithfully to report from time to time all that might be designed against Overbury's life. Elwes shrank, however—and here lies his fault, as he afterwards became sensible—he shrank from making a public exposure of the plot he had thus become privy to. He dared not brave the wrath of Lady Frances and her lover, the all-powerful favorite, to whom he owed his appointment, and on whom his prospects depended. He contented himself with counter-plotting in a manner which he believed must keep Overbury safe. Weston, by his directions, was so to carry matters towards his employers that they might believe him still devoted to them; he was to report that he had given the "water," and to pass off false tales of its effects—as, that it was followed by "extreme outings," and the like; and Elwes, as he found occasion, was to confirm his reports of the prisoner's health.

This first dose proving insufficient, it appears that poisons were put into certain tarts and pots of jelly which were sent to Overbury under the pretext of a friendly regard for his comfort. There is a letter from Lady Frances to Elwes, which contains the following passage:—"I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts because there are letters in them, and therefore neither give your wife nor children of them; but of the wine you may, for there are no letters in it." Lady Frances, on her examination, owned that by the word "letters," she meant poison. But there is no proof that she meant Elwes to understand it so; on the contrary, there seems nothing in this extract inconsistent with the supposition that she looked upon Elwes as one who knew nothing of her design. Elwes, however, was not to be duped; he took care that the tarts should never come near Overbury. Sometimes he made answer be given that his children had desired them; sometimes he caused his own cook to prepare similar ones; and at last, to save the trouble of perpetual excuses, his keeper desired the messenger to bring no more, since Overbury found in the house that which pleased him well.

The prisoner might, perhaps, have escaped altogether, but that unfortunately he now fell ill in earnest. He seems to have been a man of feeble constitution, broken by a licentious life; and, without any suspicion of poisoning, the close confinement, anxiety, and hope deferred, may sufficiently account for his disorder. On hearing of it, Somerset immediately took care to provide him with the best medical advice. He sent him Drs. Mayerne, and Lobell, the king's physician and apothecary, men who stood at the head of their respective professions. Dr. Craig, another of the king's physicians, was also admitted to see the prisoner, by an order under Somerset's hand. This seems inconsistent with the supposition that Somerset believed the cause of illness to be poison administered by his directions, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the medical men were among his confederates. This seems an idle thought, and is at least entirely unsupported by proof of any kind. If Somerset had been once tempted to seek Overbury's destruction, we believe that his care to provide him with doctors only proves him to have now repented.

Meanwhile, Overbury being still alive, though it was some months since the first poisons were sent

to him, Lady Frances began to grow suspicious. She sent for Weston, and closely questioned him; but he maintained he had given poison enough to kill twenty men, and could only suppose—as Bacon afterwards said at the trial—that Overbury had become used to that sort of diet. Her suspicions, however, could not have been quite allayed. Shortly after this, Weston was sent for by Dr. Franklin, who questioned him as to Overbury's state, and on learning that he took clysters, said that an apothecary should have £20 to give him one. Weston asked whether he meant to bribe Overbury's customary apothecary. "No," said Franklin; "another shall give it him." All this went immediately from Weston to the lieutenant, who strictly charged him to give admittance to no strange apothecary. Thus far Elwes had successfully counterplotted the poisoners. Unfortunately, when the king's medical attendants took charge of his prisoner, the lieutenant's vigilance was relaxed; he thought himself safe in the hands of such approved honest men. Now it was that Franklin accomplished his purpose. He bribed Lobell's boy to put poison—which is said to have been sublimate of mercury—into a clyster which Overbury had on the 14th September, 1603. On the following day he was a dead man.

An inquest was held by one of the coroners for Middlesex; but it throws no great light on the business. At the express desire of Somerset, Overbury's brother-in-law, and three or four of his friends, were admitted to see the body; and they were at liberty to carry it away, and bury it, if they pleased. But the state of the corpse was such as to make a speedy burial necessary; and it was interred within the precincts of the Tower.

Months and years rolled on. Overbury had passed out of the world, and out of the faithless memories of men. A few admirers of the poet had recorded their regrets in elegiac and eulogistic verses, to be prefixed to a new edition of his works; but those works—long since utterly forgotten, but for their author's untimely fate—were then all that kept him in recollection. Essex had had forgotten his injuries in a second marriage. Somerset and his countess were still "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" the brightest ornaments of the court; the envy of all, for their beauty, accomplishments, and mutual love; the ladder by which all men strove to reach the king's favor. Somerset had just been made lord chamberlain; and this new mark of royal bounty had been rendered doubly grateful by the manner of conferring it. The king, in presence of his court, gave him the staff of office, saying, "Lo, here, friend Somerset;" and graciously adding that, as the place was one of great nearness to his person, he had given it to him whom, of all men living, he most cherished.

But Somerset's fall was now at hand. Hume tells us—we know not on what authority—that he seemed troubled with an evil conscience; had become reserved, silent, and gloomy; and thus lost the king's favor. This may be true, or not; accuracy of detail is by no means Hume's forte; and perhaps mere fickleness, and the attractions of a younger and handsomer person—for this, not solid merit, was the groundwork of James' ridiculous friendships—may sufficiently account for the transfer of his affection from Somerset to Villiers. Sir George Villiers was now advanced to be one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Somerset had in

vain resisted the promotion of one he saw to be a rival; and it is probable that James only wanted a pretext, and perhaps some slight stimulus to overcome his timidity, for breaking with his former favorite.

The pretext and the stimulus were at length furnished by the old business of Overbury. How this transpired is a point that still remains somewhat in the dark. The best-authenticated story seems to be the popular one; that Lobell's boy, who gave the clyster, and had been sent abroad out of the way, was touched with remorse, and revealed the whole secret to the English minister at the Hague. This being of too high a nature to be entrusted to writing, the minister obtained leave to visit England, and made the matter known to Sir Ralph Winwood, then a secretary of state, from whom it went immediately to the king. James was at Royston, on one of his royal progresses, and Somerset was with him. Some rumors, it seems, injurious to the latter, having got abroad in London, he was about to go thither and "face them down." His parting with James, who had just heard the news, and the king's profound dissimulation, are matters with which the reader is doubtless familiar. Two versions of the story pass current, from one of which it would appear as if Somerset was actually arrested in the king's presence; but a correspondence published by Mr. Amos proves this to be impossible. There can be no doubt, however, that when James took leave of the earl, with every expression of endearment, and impatience for his return, he knew that Somerset was going to the Tower, and that, as he said himself, "he should see his face no more."

Somerset reached his house, in the Cockpit, on the Sunday evening last before the 17th October, 1615. Here he found the countess, and learnt of her that Weston had been arrested. We may conjecture that the earl was now first informed of his wife's guilt and danger. The unhappy pair proceeded to take such measures of precaution as were not yet too late. Lady Somerset sent for Franklin and Mrs. Turner; told them that Weston was taken, that rumors were afloat, and that probably they would soon be themselves under arrest; and warned them to trust no promises of pardon, nor to be persuaded into making confession of guilt. During this interview she left them for a while, and went into an inner room, where she conferred with a man that Franklin took to be Lord Somerset. She was perhaps asking for instructions. The next morning Somerset made use of his authority, as a member of the privy council, and sent a pursuivant with a warrant to break open the house of Weston's son, and fetch from thence a box and bag of letters. Some of these papers were noticed by the messenger to contain the name of Mrs. Turner. They were taken to the Cockpit, and, no doubt, destroyed. Somerset also burnt a number of letters in his possession, and defaced parts of others.

On the 17th, the earl and countess, and Mrs. Turner, were arrested, and placed in separate confinement; and shortly afterwards they were removed to the Tower. It is said that Lady Somerset passionately entreated the new lieutenant, Elwes' successor, not to place her in the chamber which had been Overbury's. At this time she was near her confinement; and, till it took place, it appears, from a document in the State Paper Office, that anxiety about her offspring overpowered all thought of her own disgrace and impending danger. While yet a prisoner she gave birth to a

daughter, who, married to the Duke of Bedford, was the mother of the illustrious William Lord Russell. Mr. Amos expresses a benevolent hope that the virtues and death of the grandson may, in some sort, be looked upon as an atonement for the crime of the grandmother.

The demeanor of the earl, during the interval between arrest and trial, is made known to us by a series of letters written by Bacon, then attorney-general, to the king and Sir George Villiers. This curious correspondence shows that James took a very active part in arranging the conduct of the trials. The evidence, and even the topics of Bacon's opening speech, were subjected to a preliminary examination of his. He pointed out what parts should be omitted, and what parts strengthened; and he directed Bacon, amongst other things, to throw a good portion of the blame on Overbury, and so to moderate his charges as to make Somerset appear guilty enough to be condemned, and not too guilty to be pardoned. Altogether, James' letters show a most royal indifference to veracity and justice, and every feeling except a cowardly shrinking before public opinion. Bacon figures here as the adroit and unscrupulous instrument of the monarch's will. His letters are master-pieces of sagacity and acuteness, whilst they fully exhibit his lamentable want of anything like moral principle, or elevation of character. We shall make one extract, which can hardly be read without a feeling of indignation. Bacon is speaking of the arrangements for Lady Somerset's trial. Though she had been brought to confess her crime, and was about to plead guilty; and though her judges were to try her husband on the following day, so that whatever passed on her trial was calculated to influence his; yet it was resolved that the counsel for the prosecution should treat the court to a solemn narrative of Overbury's murder, not abstaining from vituperation of the absent earl.

"In this," says Bacon, "I did forecast that, if, in that narrative, by the connection of things, anything should be spoken that should show him (Somerset) guilty, she might break forth into passionate protestations for his clearing; which, though it may justly be made light of, yet it is better avoided. Therefore my lord chancellor and I have devised that, upon the entrance into that declaration, she shall, *in respect of her weakness, and not to add further affliction, be withdrawn.*"—p. 438.

Such care was taken, under a hypocritical pretence of kindness, to prevent a wife from saying a word that might excite pity for her husband, in danger of his life!

James was exceedingly anxious that Somerset should plead guilty. Bacon was ordered to try his influence, and paid him several visits, and held out great inducements. In one of these interviews, Bacon reports that the prisoner seemed very little affected by his position, "pretending carelessness of life, since ignominy had made him unfit for his majesty's service." He persisted in his innocence. Even after he learnt that his wife had confessed, Bacon found him "resolved to have his trial." In reporting this interview, Bacon adds:—

"We made this further observation, that when we did ask him some question that did touch the prince, or any foreign practice, he grew a little stirred, but in this question of the empoisonment was very cold and modest."—p. 440.

But James went greater lengths than he thought proper to make known to his attorney-general. He

entered into a private correspondence with Sir George More, then lieutenant of the Tower, whom he authorized to tempt Somerset's obstinacy with most liberal offers, in the king's name, in case of his confessing. Somerset rejected them with scorn, and threw out some threatening hints, which the astonished lieutenant instantly reported to his master. James' answer is somewhat curious. He says:—

"I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have for him not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that you cannot conjecture what this may mean, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen that he would threaten me, with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime."—p. 474.

This self-vindication may be thought, perhaps, some slight confirmation of the suspicion, which Mr. Amos seems to share, that James himself was implicated in this foul business. The suspicion, however, seems to rest on too slight ground to be worth attending to.

The day for Somerset's trial now drew near. The lesser culprits—Mrs. Turner, Elwes, Franklin, and Weston—had been condemned and executed. Lady Somerset was brought to the bar, and pleaded guilty, on the 24th May, 1616. The trial of the earl was fixed for the morrow. Every precaution had been taken to keep him silent on that public appearance as to matters relative to the king. Bacon was ordered to use language that should not drive him to desperation. It had been hinted to him, as from the king, that his life depended on his behavior in court. In choosing a high steward to preside at his trial, care was taken to select one that should know how and when to "silence" and "cut off digressions." But after all this, when the lieutenant came to Somerset the last thing at night, and bade him prepare for his trial on the morrow, he was encountered by an unexpected outbreak of passion. The earl positively refused to appear in court, and vowed he would not stir, but they must carry him in his bed if they meant him to go. The king, he said, had assured him he should come to no trial, neither durst the king bring him to trial. This was a strain More could not understand, and it made him to "quiver and shake." Though it was near midnight, he instantly took boat and went down to Greenwich, where the king lay, at his palace of Placentia. Here he "bounceth at the back stairs as if mad," gains admittance, has the king awakened, and tells him his news. The king "falls into a passion of tears." "On my saule, More," cried he, "I wot not what to do! Thou art a wise man; help me in this great streight, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master." Thus adjured, and having a ready wit of his own, More took leave of the king, assuring him he would manage all. Returning to Somerset's chamber, he told him he had found the king full of favor and affection towards him; "but," said More, "to satisfy justice you must appear in court and answer to your name, but you shall return again instantly without further proceedings." Somerset, either believing him, or having recovered his temper, began quietly to prepare for appearing. Meantime the lieutenant instructed two trusty servants to keep close aside of Somerset in court, with a cloak over their arms, straitly charging them, if he should

"any way fly out on the king," instantly to hoodwink him with that cloak, take him forcibly from the bar, and carry him away.

Under this escort, Somerset entered Westminster Hall. The solemnity of the day had excited the greatest popular interest, and the hall was crowded to suffocation. "Never was any man brought to trial," says Bacon, "*cum tanto motu regni*; the term hath been almost turned into a *justitium*, or vacancy, the people themselves being more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own." Nor is this to be wondered at. A nobleman, who had for years ruled king and kingdom with absolute sway, was now brought to plead for his life; the crime he was accused of was one strange to this country, and full of a mysterious horror in men's thoughts. This state of public feeling must be borne in mind, as it serves in a great measure to account for the traditional odium that has rested on the name of Somerset. Deeds of violence—mid-day assassinations—were very common in James' reign, and thought lightly of, as may be seen in the "Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury;" but poisoning, by public opinion as well as by act of parliament, was placed on a level with the highest crime possible, and treated as a branch of high treason. For us—who walk the streets unarmed at midnight, trusting to the majesty of law for our protection alike from the assassin's knife and the poisoner's cup—it is difficult to understand the feeling that makes light of the one crime and exaggerates the other. But men who placed their safety in their swords, and the largeness of their retinues, must have found something peculiarly terrible in that unseen and unfelt weapon, which no strength of arm could withstand, and which could strike them amidst their guards, at their tables, and in the hours of their greatest security.

Upon the trial, and its result, one hardly needs to dwell. The king had willed that Somerset should be found guilty, and the usual means of gratifying that desire were resorted to, with the usual success. Judges, selected from among Somerset's enemies and those who placed their hopes on his rival; an array of able advocates on one side; statements unsupported by proofs, and proofs that were not to be relied on; garbled extracts from letters; hearsay, at second and third hand; and the depositions of Franklin, so culled as to be pretty free from contradictions; no witness brought face to face with the accused, and, of course, no cross-questioning; and, at last, an unpremeditated reply from an unadvocated and unskilled courtier, at a time of the night when himself and his judges must have been worn out by fatigue; such a method of procedure could have but one result. Somerset made the most solemn protestations of his innocence. He was found guilty; and he prayed the lords to intercede for him with the king, "if it should be necessary." His trial certainly did not produce that result which is the best test of fairness; it did not satisfy impartial men that he ought to have been found guilty. The French ambassador, writing to his court, said, that "If the earl's enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty; for there was no convincing proof against him, but only circumstances, such as might serve in France for putting him to the question, which is not the custom here in England."—p. 358.

The judges had no occasion to intercede with James for Somerset's life. He had made no inconvenient revelations, and he was treated gently. After a time, the earl and countess were released, but

never again received at court or in society—they passed the rest of their days in seclusion. Some years afterwards, the earl was consulted by James upon some displeasure he had taken against Buckingham; but Somerset's more fortunate and more able successor was not to be shaken off, and he himself remained a man disgraced. Later still, in the reign of Charles I., Somerset entered, or wished to enter, into some intrigue with the leaders of the popular party; but these were too wise to have much to do with a man of his character. Hume tells us, on the authority of Wilson, that the obscure lives of these fallen great ones were embittered by a deadly hatred, which took the place of their former inordinate affection; inasmuch that the earl and countess, though living in the same house for many years, never spoke to each other. This story may be true or false; it rests on the sole authority of one whose friendship for Essex biassed him against the countess, and who appears to have been naturally somewhat over-credulous.

We have thus hastily sketched an outline of that dark transaction, the exposure of which is styled, by Sir Edward Coke, the "Great Oyer of Poisoning," and which he desired might go down to posterity as an example and terror against that horrible crime. We may quit the subject with the satisfactory reflection, that, dark and foul as the business is, the truth, as it is now brought to light, proves the number of the criminals not to be so great, nor their blackness so unredeemed, as has been commonly supposed. If it be the part of an historian freely to denounce great guilt, it is equally his duty, a far more agreeable duty, to clear, even the guilty, from an odium greater than they have deserved.

MONTAUK POINT.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

STONINGTON, Aug. 5th, 1847.

In my last I promised a legend of the Point, which like a long finger points sea-ward from Long Island. It is a holy place with the red man, and the few of the once noble Montauks who now remain, in the intervals of reason which they have and of sober reflection, turn sad, and, I have thought at times, longing looks toward the graves of their valiant tribe, and sometimes watch the setting sun and dream of beholding the hunting grounds of their fathers and the fair maidens that were the pride of the island. I saw the dull eye of the only one now left who has anything of the nobility of the tribe, flash with the eagle glance of pride as I stood by him on the beach, and pointing into the far blue sky above him asked him if he ever hoped to hunt with Wyandannee in the spirit-land. He rose from the sand and straightened his tall form, and looking into my face, with a strong grasp on my shoulder, pointed westward with a sudden and convulsive motion of his hand. His lips trembled an instant as if laboring to convey some words of fierce eloquence; then he became calm again, his eyes dull, his form bent, and he sank back on the sand, a pitiable representation of the lords of the soil. Looking on him, you would not have dreamed it possible that he was the descendant of the Eagle of the North. But to the legend.

It was three hundred years ago. In the tempests of three centuries the red men had been swept away and the storms of a few more hundred years will sweep away his memory. Let us strive to keep their valor and their nobleness before the living age, and teach our children tales of the Indian warriors.

A holy embalmment is that of a memory when it passes into household legends and fireside tales.

Wyandannee was the great chief of the Montauks. (A later chief of this name was the protégé of Gardiner, the original settler of Gardiner's Island.) He was the son of a chief bearing the same name. His father died on Shelter Island, and was borne in solemn state to the great burial ground on Montauk. It appears that shortly after this, the chief of the Manhasset tribe offered an indignity to the grave of the old chief, and hence arose a deadly strife that resulted in the fierce fight I am about to relate, as I have recently heard it repeated; (seated on the rock of which I spoke in my last.) As usual in Indian legends, a prophet maiden must enter. Saka warned Wyandannee on the shore one moony night, that he must not leave the land. They stood in the shade of a rock some three miles from what is now called Sag Harbor, and she begged him not to enter his canoe which lay on the beach. He laughed at her fears, and parting from her with a promise of a return with a load of fish and game for their lodge, pushed gayly out into the moonlight. Then leaning steadily to his paddle, the bark shot swiftly across toward the shore of Manchonock, (now Gardiner's Island.) As he passed a point of the island, he heard the twang of a bow-string, and an arrow flew over his head. But he did not look up, nor cease his steady stroke with the paddle. Perhaps, had an eye seen his face, a smile of derision might have been found on it. As he passed on, a canoe shot out from the point, and the moon showed in it five of the Manhasset warriors. Wyandannee saw them without raising his head or turning his body, save as he bent low to his paddle. There was no apparent increase of speed or anxiety on his part, but had you been with him you might have seen that smile grow strangely settled on his face, and perhaps a steadier arm and longer stroke as he turned shoreward. Scarcely five minutes passed, and a heavy surge completely overturned the pursuing bark. Their arrows and perhaps their bows floated all over the waves, and a half hour was lost in gathering them, during which Wyandannee, having seen the accident, had turned his course eastward, and keeping close to the shore pulled steadily out towards the sea. Two hours later he saw the canoe of the Manhattets some miles behind him, and then pushed swiftly on. He thought to meet his chosen warriors on the point, and so kept on until they gained on him so nearly as to be just out of bow-shot. Then every nerve was strained, and his life-like boat danced from wave to wave like a bird. The yells of the pursuers did not move him. Once, and only once, he raised his head and listened for the peculiar surf roar which he knew was the voice of the ocean to old and hoary Montauk, and so plying on reached the shore precisely where now the sand had been thrown up into a jutting point some rods from the westward point. Then his yell rang over the ocean and the land. But no answer came from either. No friend was near. The frightened sea-gull alone replied with a wild scream as she rose from her sleep on the wave. The Manhattets were behind him, but he sprang to a rock and fixing his foot firmly on it, with his back to another, waited their coming.

I have heard the story varied here. Some saying that another Montauk warrior came to the chieftain's aid, others that he met the foe alone. As in all such cases I have been in the habit of preferring the most incredible story, as being most desirable for a good legend, I shall do so in this.

In that moment of expectation the Montauk warrior looked to heaven and thought of Saka and her prophecy, and the long, long waiting of the dove-eyed girl at the door of their lodge. It nerved his arm, and the first wolf of the foe that came within the sweep of his hatchet, went down under that fierce blow and lay motionless and dead before him. Another and another fell voiceless and unmoving, and he stood behind their bodies untouched and fearless. The moon never looked down on such a scene before nor since, on old Montauk. It was a fierce struggle of rage and blood. No words were spoken, no sound was heard but the thunder of the surf. Across the pile of slain the unwounded Montauk's eye flashed fiercely on the two remaining foes. A moment passed, and one of them sprang over the ghastly barrier, and staggering under a blow that fell deep into his left shoulder, wound his right arm around the legs of the Montauk and brought him almost to the ground. As he staggered, an arrow from the last of the enemy entered his breast. He leaped forward, across the men he had slain, hurled his hatchet with giant force deep into the skull of the Manhasset chief, and then, as his last foe fell dead, his triumphant cry again woke the sea-gull and went floating away over the rolling sea.

But the arrow of the Manhasset was stealing away his life. He felt that death was near. The moon was never so calm and holy in his eyes, the surf was never more melodious. (The sounds of life are always sweeter to the dying.) He sat down on the sand, and sang his death song. Its burden was the story of his battle-fields, and wounds in fight, (for though young he was all over scarred;) and then he chanted the praises of the beloved Saka; "In the broad forests of the spirit-land, when holier moonbeams fall on more melodious waves, on the green banks of bluer, brighter seas, we shall love on with spirit love, my dark-eyed bride."

The moon went down, and the stars were left to watch the scene. As the bright Aldebaran rose from the ocean, the death-song ceased. Wyandannee had met his fathers.

There is a foot-print in the rock, which the Indians said was the print of his foot in that fierce fight, and a fountain bubbles up over the spot where he died. Another story is, that the foot-print is that of Manitou, when he came down to visit his red children. You may believe just which of the two you prefer.

[When bearing the body of the chief from Montauk Point towards Sag Harbor, the attendants frequently laid it on the ground to rest themselves. Wherever the head touched the earth, a cavity was scooped out as a memorial of the event. Such a cavity was pointed out to us a few summers ago, by a resident, and he said he had been surprised that it never filled up by drifting. By way of experiment he filled it several times, and it was always cleared out by some unseen hand; as he supposes by some remaining descendants of the tribe.—*Living Age*.]

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me.

Leigh Hunt.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER FROM INDIA—A TURTLE.

As Miss Griffin came down the walk, Mr. Corks appeared in the back-ground. His face seemed, we thought, ripe with satisfaction. His eyes—his lover's eyes!—drooped tenderly upon Miss Griffin, as she swept along the path. As she advanced upon the holly-bush that screened us, we sauntered round it, as though lackadaisically strolling from another walk.

"I came to seek you," said Miss Griffin, all of a glow. "Ladies"—and she turned to her pupils suddenly huddled together, Flake, however, standing out from the crowd in very bold relief—"Ladies, to your tasks. In five minutes I shall be prepared to examine the Turtle-Soup Class."

"If it's real turtle, ma'am," said Flake, "I'm not yet in it. You know, when you examined me, I had n't got beyond calf's-head."

Miss Griffin now really felt that the moment was arrived when, with a tremendous repartee, she ought relentlessly to crush that daring girl, once and forever. Miss Griffin's mind was made up—she would do it. And then, frowningly she looked above her—then below her—but, somehow, the withering retort would not come: then she looked to the left, into the very middle of a bush of worm-wood—then to the right, on a bed of capsicums—still, neither sharp nor bitter syllable would present itself. Deep was the vexation of Miss Griffin. She felt "majestic pains," (akin, no doubt, to those of Jupiter, when he would coerce rebellion, but has somewhere mislaid his thunderbolt.) And then Miss Griffin smiled, and said, "Nevertheless, Miss Flake, you will attend the class. Go in, child. When you are able to write a letter like this"—and Miss Griffin laid her hand as reverently upon the sheet as though it had been a hundred pound bank-note—"then, for all this care, all this indulgence, how you will bless me!"

Miss Flake, without condescending to award the least hope of any such future benediction on her part, just jerked a curtsy, and, like a fan-tailed pigeon, minced her way to the house, followed by her companions; whose sides—had Miss Griffin turned to view them—were shaking with laughter in its softest sounds.

"I suppose I shall be rewarded for my trouble with that little minx—pardon the expression," cried Miss Griffin, shrinking from the epithet with all the delicacy of a woman.

"No doubt, madam," said we, comfortingly. "No doubt, your mission is, indeed, a trial!"

"Sir, but for consolation, for encouragement like this"—and Miss Griffin shook the letter—"it would destroy the marble statue of a saint. But this conveys with it a real solace."

"The most delicious I ever looked upon," cried Mr. Corks, coming up at the word, and rubbing his hands, as we at first thought, in affectionate sympathy with the governess. "I wonder how much it weighs! You should see the turtle on its back! A disc, sir—a disc that would have covered Achilles. I cannot account for it"—and Corks, suddenly intoxicated in his oiliest falsetto—"but I do feel a sort of—of—sympathy—of tenderness, when I see a turtle thrown upon its back! In a moment, my imagination transports me to those waters of cerulean blue—to those shores of golden sand—to the imperaled caverns of the deep—where the creature was wont to swim, and bask, and dive; and then—to see it on its back—greatness overthrown—await-

ing the knife. I do feel for the creature! I always feel for it."

Miss Griffin's eyes—as the Professor of Intonation ran up and down his voice—dilated with sensibility. Hurriedly she cried, "But this, and things like this—to say nothing of the turtle—are my best reward. It is, sir"—and Miss Griffin turned to us—"it is from a dear pupil of mine, the late Caroline Ruffler, now Lady M'Thistle, of the Madras Bench. She went out in *The Forlorn Hope*, with goods for the Indian market."

"And has married well?" we ventured to observe.

"She has married, sir, the man of her choice. She was ever a girl of energy, sir; always would have her own will. And such are the girls, sir, to send to the colonies. They make us respected at home and abroad."

"And, as you say, Miss Ruffler—landed from *The Forlorn Hope*—married the man she loved!"

"I meant to say, sir—that at the very first ball—she made her own mind up to the man she proposed to make happy; and if marriage can insure happiness!"

"Can!" echoed Corks, spreading his hand across his waistcoat.

"Caroline has done it. Here is her own sweet letter. I wish I could read it to you, every line"—said Miss Griffin—"but that's impossible. The female heart has so many secret places—unthought of—unrespected—unvalued!"

"For all the world like a writing-desk"—said the figurative Corks—"a writing-desk with secret drawers. To the common eye—the unthinking eye—there looks nothing: all seems plain and above-board—and then, you touch the hidden spring, the drawers are open, and discover, who shall say what yellow gold, what rustling notes! And such!"—said Corks, dropping his voice like a plummet—"such is woman's heart."

Miss Griffin sighed, and continued. "Nevertheless, I think I can pick you out some delicious little bits—what I call bits of real feeling."

"That will do," said Corks; "from the little toe of Diana, we may judge the whole of the Parian statue."

"Now, this is so like her," said Miss Griffin, and she read, "'You will naturally inquire, my dear, dear governess, what I wore at my first ball. You know that I always detested the meretricious show of jewels. A simple flower was ever my choice—a rose-bud before a ruby!'"

"And there nature, divine nature"—said Corks—"is such a kind creature. Always keeps open her shop."

"Therefore, as you may imagine"—read Miss Griffin—"I did not wear a single gem. I appeared in my white muslin, voluminously flounced; nevertheless, how I *did* blaze. For what do you think! Inside my flounces, I had sewed a hundred fire-flies, alive, and as it were burning! You can't imagine the effect and the astonishment. Women—who by their looks had lived forty years in the country, smothered, I may say, with flies day and night, had never before thought of such a thing—and I am sure some of 'em, for spite—the wicked creatures!—could have eaten me for it. Sir Alexander has since told me—that is her husband," said Miss Griffin, so very solemnly, that we almost felt inclined to touch our heart. Miss Griffin, after a pause, continued:

"Sir Alexander has since told me that the cheapness of my jewellery slightly touched his

neart; but—being resolved to die a bachelor—he would not be subdued. Nevertheless, as he confessed, those fire-flies imprisoned in muslin did *flash* him. You will perceive that Sir Alexander is from the balmy though colder side of the Tweed. Providence conferred honor upon the very flourishing town of Saltecoats, by selecting it for his birth-place. Yes, dearest governess, my taste, my economic taste, was not altogether lost. Think how pretty—and how cheap! Fire-flies captive in white muslin bonds!"

"I don't know," said Corks, "but I think there's some meaning in that."

"None—nothing," cried Miss Griffin, with prettiest mirth; "how should there be? But let us go on. The dear girl then says, 'My final triumph was, dearest governess, as you ever predicted; it was the triumph of the kitchen. Sir Alexander visited the dear friends who protected me. I had heard much of his love for his native land and everything belonging to it. How often he wished to lay, at least his bones, in the kirkyard of Saltecoats, though he continued to sit upon the Bench of Madras. Sir Alexander was to dine with my friends. I felt that my moment was come. I asked one boon—only one; the sole direction of one cook for the coming day. Need I say it was granted! It was in that interval that I felt the strength of the principles I had imbibed in your pantry. A something in my heart assured me of conquest; and I was calm—I may say, desperately calm!'"

"Beautiful!" cried Corks. "Quite Siddonian." Miss Griffin smiled, and went on with Lady M'Thistle's letter.

"The dinner-hour arrived. Sir Alexander—it had been so settled—took me down. Course after course disappeared; and Sir Alexander took no more than his usual notice of them. At length a dish was placed before him. His eye gleamed—his lip quivered—he snatched off the cover. He saw his native haggis!"

"What is haggis?" asked Corks.

Miss Griffin waved her hand, and read—"Sir Alexander looked at the hostess; and she—dear soul—instantly said, and very audibly—"The cook, Sir Alexander, sits beside you!" He smiled; but—I since know his character—his judicial prudence rose within him. He would not commit himself! he would first taste the haggis. He ate—and ate—and ate—and his face grew red and bright; and as he ate, I could see it, Scotland rose before him. He saw his blue hills—he heard the rushing streams—his foot was upon the heather! a tear—a patriot tear—trickled from his right eye. I could have kissed it from his cheek! The guests saw, but respected his emotion, and were silent. For twenty years had they beheld him on the bench, in the most tremendous moments, and yet had they never seen the strong man weep before! And now he dropped a tear upon his native dish—and I had unlocked that tear, and made it trickle from its sacred source! Why should I further describe? In three days—Sir Alexander having first with his own eyes supervised my preparation of a second haggis—in three days I became

"Your affectionate pupil,

"CAROLINE M'THISTLE."

"P. S. I send you a turtle. Love to all the girls."

"Beautiful!" repeated Corks.

"Very beautiful—I may say too beautiful," cried Miss Griffin; who then twitched out her pocket-handkerchief, and made for the house.

"Very odd, sir," we observed, "very odd that a man should be caught in matrimony by a haggis. If cookery's to do it, the chains of Hymen may be forged out of black puddings."

"I can't say, sir," replied Corks, "but one thing is, I think, plain—that to catch and keep a man's heart, it may now and then be necessary to tickle his stomach."

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory

To visit earth as in the days of old,

The times of sacred writ and ancient story?

Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds receding

Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,

To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding

Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness

Were calmly burning, listened late and long,

But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,

Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,

When other stars before The One grew dim?

Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?

Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the vale departed?

There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;

And many a tear from human eyes has started,

Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No: earth has angels, tho' their forms are moulded

But of such clay as fashions all below;

Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,

We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow—

Theirs was the soft tone and the soundless tread—

Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow

They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,

Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,

I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,

They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,

In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth;

And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—

The giddy paused—the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding

Roused the rich echoes of the human breast;

The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,

That hope might reach the suffering and oppress.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty

Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,

And looking up with meek and love-lent duty;

I called her angel, but he called her wife.

O many a spirit walks the world unheeded,

That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,

Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,

And wear its glory like a starry crown.

Vermont Watchman.

From the Boston Traveller.

CHEAP PAPERS RISING UP IN LONDON.

LONDON, July 19th, 1847.

WE are now in the midst of a newspaper revolution! The London Press proprietors are alarmed. The great "thunderer" trembles! The cheap, single sheet is fighting the dear, double sheet. The warfare is exceedingly interesting to the spectators. About a year since a new daily paper forced itself into a limited circulation by an enormous outlay of capital and a vast combination of talent. This was called "*The Daily News*." The price per copy was originally fivepence. The paper soon changed hands, and was published as a single sheet at half price. It then had to fight along single-handed and unassisted, except by the public. It rapidly gained an immense circulation; its high-priced contemporaries combined against it, but they could not annihilate it. It has lived upwards of a year, and is now strong and healthy. It is sold for threepence. Its circulation is upwards of twenty thousand copies daily. It has been compelled to expend vast sums for foreign intelligence. The other papers combine and share the expense of the India news. This paper receives it through Waghorn's overland express, and pays the whole expense! Notwithstanding such outlays, the *Daily News* is a young giant. What is the result? The *Morning Chronicle*, a dignified, strong, able, popular journal, the organ of Palmerston, the pet of the whigs and free-traders, is compelled to follow its younger rival! On the 5th of July appeared three lines over the leader, stating that on and after July 26th, the *Morning Chronicle* would be sold for fourpence! This announcement astonished everybody. *Cui bono?* Is it a political move? Is it to crush the *Daily News*, or the *Times*? Is it to influence the elections? Nobody could tell. The *Times* came out with a gruffy leader on the 6th, and said fourpence never could pay editors, reporters, printers, compositors, correspondents, repair of machinery, interest on capital, and a dozen items of expense. The *Times* says:

"A respectable contemporary announced yesterday his intention of reducing the price of his paper to fourpence in the course of this month. As there can be no doubt that a really good paper cannot be published for less than fivepence, the announcement, of course, implies that an inferior article will be given, and that our contemporary is driven by sheer necessity to give up his present terms, and take to a lower business. The incident of a sudden drop in the world, from a good shop to a cheap shop, or from a first-rate manufactory to dealing in second-hand goods, is so familiar as to excite no surprise, were it not that hitherto there have not been these downfalls in the newspaper world. But the incident is the same, and means the same, in whatever line of life it occurs."

The *Times* goes on to give the cost of its own double sheet, and single sheet supplement, and then very justly remarks that

"To render the channels of intelligence proof against continual attempts at bribery in one form or another, the most liberal scale of payment is required; and if once the correspondence, or the reporting of a paper falls into the hands of needy and ill-requited men, the public will be at the mercy of those who will bribe the highest."

The *Daily News* of the 6th, gave an article on the same subject, congratulating itself and the public that the high-priced newspaper monopoly was

about to be broken up by its own power. It refers to the announcement of the *Chronicle* as "a great fact." The *News* says:

"We knew perfectly in the outset, that the final maintenance of the fivepence by any portion of the press in the face of our success, was a thing impossible. One of two events was, we knew, to happen—either we were to be crushed by the power of the high price ere our principle should have time to take root, or the high price must ultimately succumb everywhere to our principle. This our rivals knew; it was their cue to conceal that knowledge so far as professions went; but they betrayed it by the unblushing combination to which they lent themselves for our ruin. Their coalition against ourselves has signally failed. The *Chronicle* has but led where the rest must follow."

The *Morning Chronicle* replied in a long, leading article, on the 7th, to the attack of the *Times*, which it calls "ill-tempered and ill-mannered." This angry tirade is brought to a close, says the *Chronicle*, "by a declaration that the *Times* has no interest in the matter. It is through pure philanthropy, no doubt, that it calls its rival in business almost a pickpocket." As to the account given by the *Times* of the cost of producing its own paper, the *Chronicle* denounces it as a deception, as nothing whatever is said about the advertising income. It also refers to the opinions of the *Times*:

"He may be anything this week, and anything else the next. He puts principles off and on like his gown; and whether the present rage be reform, excitement, or conservative reaction, hostility to a free-trade budget, or hostility to a corn law, Puseyite extravagance or no-papery prejudice, his passions, thoughts, eloquence, seem ready to flow along with every temporary current of public opinion. It is certainly cool enough in a journal which keeps up only a forensic acquaintance with principle, as a part of the machinery of trade, to lecture anybody upon character."

The *Chronicle* then refers its readers to its own steady and sustained predominance of the same political principles through past years, and says that its opinions have passed into the statute book of the country.

The *Daily News* of the 7th, returns to this subject. It exposes the dishonest statement of the *Times* respecting the cost of that sheet. It refers to its "vain and braggart influence," its "madness" at the defection of an ally, and the shake of its rattle instead of a thunderbolt! The *News* asks why the *Chronicle*, which for half a century has been conducted on principles higher and purer than were ever contemplated by the *Times*, should change its character because it lowers its price, and become as mean and unprincipled a thing as the paper which thus sordidly denounces it!

Every copy of a "really good paper," says the *Times*, costs the proprietors fourpence and five eighths of a penny: so that only three eighths remain "out of the price of a paper for the other expenses of its production." "What monstrous duplicity is this," exclaims the *News*:

"Why is no mention made of the £100,000 a year received for advertisements? The *Times* is beyond all shame, and repeats its facts and figures as if their falsehoods had not been already exposed. The forgotten profit of yesterday's advertisements is three hundred and twenty pounds! As to the morality of the *Times*, it assures its readers that it not only has to pay for talents and industry, but it

has also to pay for its integrity. It has no protection against the bribery of those whom it employs but that of paying them liberally itself. It makes its liberality a bribe; bribes its own men not to let themselves be bribed. According to the *Times*, there can be no honesty unless men are highly paid. A poor man must be corrupt. Its own argument is simply and logically this:—bribe high enough, and you may bribe the *Times* itself! Again, pay the *Times* less than fivepence and it cannot answer for being incorrupt."

The *News* goes on to state that its own writers are not only as well paid as those on the *Times*; but that they are even better paid, and it challenges the *Times* to prove.

The *Morning Post* joined in this battle, and copied at length, and conspicuously, the first article of the *Times* which appeared on the subject; subsequently, it acknowledged the importance of the controversy, and recognized the *Chronicle* as "the ablest of those that steadily and consistently uphold what are called liberal views in politics." The *Post* characterized the article in the *Times* as "bitter, bold and boastful."—"It is a powerful attack on cheap newspapers in general, and a very severe rebuke of the *Chronicle* in particular." It speaks of the reply of the *Chronicle* as "mild and temperate."

The *Post*, naturally enough, believes that the *Chronicle* has come to "a most unwise resolution" in respect to the reduction in price. The *Post* cannot think that the paper can live at the proposed price.

On the 7th, the *Times* returned to the subject, and declared that it had nothing to fear from the competition of a threepenny or fourpenny paper. "We apprehend no danger to ourselves as long as we continue to give the public five pennies worth for their fivepence. That is the real point at issue." Again, the *Times* says, "To us it would be a matter of indifference, perhaps even an absolute benefit, if we were the only morning journal that maintained its price. We should then be left a quiet monopoly of the market." The *Times* then apologizes to the *Chronicle* for charging it with inconsistency, and states that it did not intend to do anything of the kind.

The *Daily News*, delighted with this newspaper quarrel, returns to the battle-field on the 8th. It speaks of the *Times* and *Punch* in the same sentence:

"It is *Punch's* especial vocation to make men wise through laughter; and that skilful jester assumes, therefore, a pompous air of self-respect, and talks of his own influential doings after a fashion which, he assures us, makes her majesty and Prince Albert roar at the breakfast-table! But the *Times* does the very same thing in sober seriousness."

The *News* then quotes from the *Chronicle*, and says it is glad of so distinguished a convert to cheap wares; it confesses that "the gross and notorious profligacy of the *Times*," suggested the undertaking of the *Daily News*. "The wish to defeat the immorality of power by a powerful and honest competition, gave a motive to our endeavors in the outset, courage in the progress, and insures a triumph in the end." The *News* then refers to the boast of the *Times* that it had not lost a subscriber or an advertisement through the cheap *News*. "Perhaps not, but the association of which you formed a part has. The attack of the new principle, of course, told first upon the weak-

est point of the phalanx that defended the old." The *Times* must follow. "We give the world our positive promise," says the *News*, "that it shall have its *Times* at a reduced price," and then it will boldly assert that it was the *originator* of the cheap newspaper press!

The *Chronicle* will be published at the reduced price upon a large single sheet, and will give double sheets only when parliamentary debates or important news require them.

It is generally reported that the proprietors of the *Morning Herald*, unable to stand against the competition of low prices, will immediately follow the example of the *Chronicle*, and reduce the price of that paper to fourpence.

A NEW ENGLANDER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

[PART OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAW MAGAZINE.]

WE now come to the man who seems more than any other of his contemporaries intended by Providence for the consolation of blockheads, and to justify that passion for mediocrity by which the inhabitants of this island are as much distinguished as a Frenchman is by his reverence for genius. Not that Lord Brougham is by any means the prodigy which at one time it was the fashion for terrified squires and liberal tradesmen in country towns to imagine, and which for a short time it suited the purpose of a triumphant party to hold up as the grand instrument of human regeneration—an error which they have since had ample leisure to repent. Far otherwise. Nor does Lord Brougham, in his more sober moments, so consider himself. He knows better; he has had occasion to find that after all the world too knows better, and that his admirers, if he has any left, have either very shallow sense, or very deep hypocrisy. As a man of science his merit is well known. There is in the *Edinburgh Review* a paper written by Lord Brougham, containing a bitter attack on one of the first philosophers in England, who lived to see the discovery, for which he was treated by an unscrupulous sciolist as a quack and a mountebank, universally appreciated. For a time, however, the attack was successful. Dr. Young* was almost broken-hearted; with all the modest simplicity of genius, he never retaliated on his presumptuous and unprovoked enemy; but left time to determine to whom the

* In January, 1803, was published his (Lord Brougham's) critique on Dr. Young's Bakerian Lecture "On the Theory of Light and Colors," in which lecture the doctrine of undulations and the law of interferences was maintained. This critique was an uninterrupted strain of blame and rebuke. "This paper," the reviewer said, "contains nothing which deserves the name either of experiment or discovery." He charged the writer with "dangerous relaxations of the principles of physical logic." "We wish," he cried, "to recall philosophers to the strict and severe methods of investigation," describing them as then pointed out by Bacon, Newton, and the like. Finally, Dr. Young's speculations were spoken of as an hypothesis, which is a mere word of fancy; and the critic added, "We cannot conclude our review without entreating the attention of the Royal Society, which has admitted of late so many hasty and unsubstantial papers into its transactions;" which habit he urged them to reform. * * * * The reviewer showed ignorance as well as prejudice in the course of his remarks; and Young drew up an answer, which was ably written; but being published separately, had little circulation.—*Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences*, vol. ii., p. 432.

reproach of sciolist and vain pretender might most properly be applied. Time has decided; and Lord Brougham's article still remains a proof of good nature, candor, and scientific ability, to which few men of any age or country have it in their power to appeal. For the Society of Useful Knowledge Lord Brougham was good enough to compose part of a treatise on hydrostatics, so utterly erroneous, that it was called in and cancelled. As a legislator, he is simply ridiculous. Eldon himself is a plummet over him. His attempts in that line, when backed by the whole power of the state, partly from precipitation, partly from ignorance, partly from that incapacity to go to the bottom of any subject which seems to be a principle of his nature, have been, without exception, complete and ignominious failures. Witness his court of bankruptcy, which as established by him cost this country fifteen or twenty thousand pounds yearly, the principal business of which has been done for some years by Sir James Bruce, at odd hours taken from his duties as vice chancellor, with the greatest ease, to the perfect satisfaction of the public, and without the expense of one shilling to the country. Nothing, indeed, has made the reform of the law so difficult or delayed it so long as the prominent part which Lord Brougham has found it expedient to take among its supporters. He has attempted much, and done nothing. As a scholar in the ancient languages, his translation of Demosthenes, the work of years, is marked by signs of ignorance which a schoolboy to whom it had been set as a holiday's task would probably have avoided; and he seldom quotes a line of Virgil without falling into some error denoting that his acquaintance even with the Latin tongue is of the most superficial nature. His life of Voltaire is trite, insipid, and even weak; and in his life of Rousseau and criticism of his works, he actually omits, probably he never read them, the "Lettre à l'Archevêque de Paris," and the "Lettres de la Montagne," the most splendid examples, in the opinion of Villemain, of Rousseau's burning eloquence and consummate logical dexterity. As a metaphysician, for he has rushed "invitâ Minervâ" even upon the ground, it is difficult to understand how any man, in the habit of mixing at all with foreign society, can be so completely unconscious of what every student in Paris and on the other side of the Rhine is familiar with, so ignorant of the actual state and past history of that science as his writings prove him to be. To Roman and English law he is not indeed equally a stranger; for of the former, as his writings show, he has the very alphabet to learn, and with the simpler rudiments of English law he certainly has, at the expense probably of many suitors, at length acquired a superficial knowledge. How then has it come to pass that this man was chancellor for a short time during the whig administration, and that since his junction with the Tories—the Whigs having of course abandoned all their principles, and the Tories theirs also—for Lord Brougham assures us he has remained immovable, like the earth in the Ptolemaic theory—the Tories have thought it worth their while to repay his honest exertions in their behalf by an almost unlimited amount of patronage? Are we to look for this secret influence in his high moral qualities? in his inflexible adherence to truth? in his purity of life? his diadema of the weapon with which, in the Italian poet's phrase, Judas jousted! in that steady friendship on which it appears that Horner, Macintosh, and Sidney Smith had so perfect a reliance? Alas, though we are far from

denying that Lord Brougham possesses all these virtues, this is not the age when alone they raise a man to power. To what, then, does Lord Brougham owe whatever influence belongs, or ever has belonged to him? The answer brings us to our point; he is an orator. This faculty it is to which he owes his elevation. As a statesman, mixed up though he has been with the most important measures of the century, having no place at all;—as a jurist, being without any of the slightest approach to the faintest gleam of knowledge of the volumes in which the treasures of jurisprudence are deposited;—as a law reformer, having only a shadowy and confused notion of the principles on which law reform ought to proceed at all, and perfectly unable to apply that notion—ambiguous, vacillating, and obscure as it is—to the Augean heap of English jurisprudence;—as a friend, what Horner, Sidney Smith, Macintosh, and many others (we know what we say) have found him—inaccurate to a degree that makes it impossible to rely on any one statement, touching any given subject, that he makes either as an author or in his place in parliament—an intriguing adherent—a perfectly unsafe counsellor—an historian without research, as he was a translator of Demosthenes without Greek—ready in a fit of candor to bow down before those to-day on whom he yesterday poured out the wildest and most extravagant invective—ready to assail from motives, if public, the least intelligible, those with whom he long has acted—with an upstart's idolatry of rank—intoxicated to a ludicrous degree with the first symptoms of what he mistook for court favor—unsound—capricious—interested—Lord Brougham is unhappily for this country the first* orator of his day. Not that his day is one of great orators—far from it. About the time of his first appearance in parliament, he himself, in a passage which he has not yet found an occasion directly to contradict, has asserted that it was the mediocrity of their talents, that with one or two exceptions had recommended ministers to the notice of the regent. The opposition was led by Mr. Ponsonby, a man entitled to respect for many valuable qualities, but without those conspicuous and brilliant talents, which have generally characterized a man intrusted with functions so important. In truth, for many years Mr. Canning was Lord Brougham's principal and only formidable antagonist. Of Mr. Canning's merits as an orator it is not our intention now to enter into any detailed criticism. With the exception of his speeches on the bullion question, and his vindication of the Lisbon mission, we think posterity will be at a loss to find in his speeches wherewithal to account for his unrivalled ascendancy during so many years in the house of commons. His wit was often flippant, his language, though polished, was too apparently studied and elaborate. His style, elegant undoubtedly, was sometimes monotonous, and seldom was remarkable for vehemence and impetuosity. Demosthenes, said Cicero, "non tam vibrasset fulmina nisi numeris contorta ferrentur." And it is difficult to control a feeling of impatience at the labored antithesis, the schoolboy phraseology, the rather obvious quotations, the very inadequate arguments, and the not very refined jests, which are sometimes employed by Mr. Canning even when the mightiest interests of humanity are at stake. Besides, Mr.

* We mean in England; for it is generally allowed that M. Berryer is the first in Europe, with the exception perhaps of Dr. Lopez; but it is hard for a Spaniard to help being eloquent, as it is for an Englishman to express himself tolerably well.

Canning was for a long time in a false position—"Cabined, cribbed, confined." Obligated to be the champion of a court which detested him, and of bigots whom he despised, it was long before his great powers had full scope and a proper sphere of action. With all these disadvantages, however, he was the decidedly successful antagonist of Lord Brougham, to whom, in our opinion, he was an orator far inferior, in some measure no doubt because he was on the side which the prejudices of the majority led them to support, but also from Lord Brougham's excessive prolixity and utter want of judgment, of which we find in Romilly's memoirs the following curious instance.

"In the course of the debate upon the motion for the increase in the salary of secretary to the admiralty in time of peace, from 3000*l.* to 4000*l.* a year, Brougham, who supported the motion, made a violent attack upon the regent, whom he described as devoted, in the recesses of his palace, to the most vicious pleasures, and callous to the distresses and sufferings of others, in terms which would not have been too strong to have described the latter days of Tiberius. Several persons who would have voted for the motion were so disgusted that they went away without voting; and, more who wished for some tolerable pretext for not voting against ministers, and who on this occasion could not vote with them, availed themselves of this excuse, and went away too; and it is generally believed that, but for this speech of Brougham's, the ministers would have been again in a minority. If this had happened, many persons believe, or profess to believe, that the ministers would have been turned out. Poor Brougham is loaded with the reproaches of his friends; and many of them, who are most impatient to get into office, look upon him as the only cause that they are still destined to labor on in an unprofitable opposition."

It was to this want of judgment and an unmanageable temper in Lord Brougham, as well as to a thorough knowledge of his profession, of which Lord Brougham while at the bar knew inconceivably little, that Sir James Scarlett, the most successful of English advocates, was indebted for his repeated triumphs over his precipitate and incautious adversary. His efforts were sometimes brilliant—his cross-examinations often very effective; but where management and dexterity were requisite—where the matter was doubtful, and the facts nicely poised—where a slight ingredient would make the trembling scale preponderate—where the case would not bear the broadcast fashion of dealing which suited his attainments and capacity—where there was no fierce attack to be made upon a witness, little room for sarcasm, and no opportunity for declamation, Lord Brougham had as slender a chance of success as any junior in Westminster Hall for the first time robed in camlet, and frowning under that integument of horsehair which, in the true spirit of John Bull, an English traveller assures us is a rampart of the constitution. It was like using the keys of a fortress to open a lady's dressing-box. For ordinary purposes inferior men were preferable. The penknife cut on this side of the page and the other, spoiling the book, which the paper-knife opened with perfect ease. The speech on the Durham clergy, awful as its sarcasm in some parts was, insured a verdict against his client, who ought perhaps to have been acquitted. Of that on Queen Caroline—admirable in most parts, judicious in some, powerful in all—it should be remembered that it was the very case an advocate would select:

that it contained every ingredient to provoke the scorn of the wise, to rouse the indignation of the just, to move the pity of the generous. Hatred of oppression is the English virtue. It required no skill to prove the base motives and infamy of the witnesses by whom the bill was supported; no eloquence beyond the mere statement of facts was necessary to enkindle the sympathies of gentlemen in favor of a guilty, no doubt, but an outraged woman—young, gifted, and magnanimous—married with the vilest objects by the most contemptible of men—cast off by him without even a decent pretext, when those purposes were answered—held up in a strange land by her own husband as a jest to the minions, satellites, and mistresses with whom he herded, loathed by his jaded lust, and persecuted by his more than woman's hate.

From the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

THE PEACE PARTY OF MEXICO, AND THE ELEMENTS WHICH COMPOSE THE MEXICAN NATION.

A CORRESPONDENT from Washington depicts with laconic truth, in the following words, the real situation of Mexican affairs: "Interest increases, anxiety augments, doubts multiply, and the hopes of an immediate peace diminish in direct proportion. Scott must give them battle, the most terrible of all, and perhaps the last; but it is necessary it should occur, and the first news we shall receive will be that it has taken place."

"After this battle, shall we have peace? It is doubtful. Speak as much as you will of the peace party in Mexico, such a party does not exist. To have peace, the first thing to be done is to create this party, sustain it, treat with it, put it in power, and keep an army there, perhaps for years, to maintain peace, and the peace party at the head of affairs."

It is difficult to explain in a more brief manner the present and the future state of the war, or to show in fewer words why peace is impossible, and under what conditions it might become feasible. In truth, in this labyrinth, filled with hypotheses of conjectures, of hopes, and of projects, perhaps the only possible issue has been pointed out—the anticipated idea of establishing in Mexico a government *de facto* to treat with it—simply to give to a treaty a real validity, it would be necessary to sustain this government so long as it would want a support. The entire occupation of the Mexican territory, which appears to be the order of the day, would greatly interfere with the desired result, and be the means of causing an endless war.

It is useless to cherish any reasonable hope of seeing a serious peace party formed in Mexico, with any chance of duration. Our opinion of this subject is based upon the component parts of the nation with which the United States has to deal—a composition whose heterogeneous elements possess no force of cohesion, as we have said in one of our last articles on the same subject. A rapid glance at these elements will suffice to convince one of this truth.

The population of Mexico is composed of three classes of individuals, viz.: strangers, Indians, or properly called Mexicans—that is to say, descendants of the aborigines—and Mexicans descended from the Spanish race.

True it is, if these three classes formed a whole body, or even a nationality, the triumph of peace would be soon accomplished.

